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THE LIVING AGE

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A WEEK OF THE WORLD

SCIENCE AND WORLD UNITY

Two events, different externally but similar in ultimate meaning, have just occurred in England: the World Power Conference that opened in London late in June, and the reading, by Senator Marconi, of a paper describing his researches during the past eight years, before the Royal Society of Arts a few days later. The World Power Conference emphasized in a significant way the growing industrial unity of the world. Mr. Marconi's paper foreshadowed a development of communication that promises to promote unity of world thought and opinion.

The Power Conference, following closely upon the heels of the International Shipping Conference, illustrated the new attitude of conscious world-coöperation in production and exchange. The World War has made most countries poorer. A century ago, when Europe faced a similar situation after the unsettlement of the French Revolution and the waste of the Napoleonic Wars, her recovery was immensely facilitated by the discovery and use of steam power, which multiplied her productive capacity. Today the prompt return of prosperity is conditioned in no small measure by a similar expansion of power applied to industry. No nation realizes this more keenly than the British, whose coal, used by already antiquated methods, is a rapidly wasting and increasingly costly resource. Her water power if fully developed would not move more than one fifth of her existing machinery. Clinging as she does to traditional methods of power-generation, she is obtaining, according to expert figures, less than four per cent of the energy theoretically available from the coal, water, and oil she consumes, while Switzerland, without coal and forced to resort to up-to-date economies, is utilizing profitably more than thirty-six per cent of her power. This striking contrast shows the immediate possibilities of progress not only in Great Britain but in other countries, including our own.

Will this progress tend to bind nations closer together or to separate them? To come close to home, Canada has already developed approximately 3,250,000 horse power — representing

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an investment of nearly $700,000,000 — from her water courses. Projects now under construction will raise this to 4,000,000 horse power, no small fraction of which will be consumed in the United States. Great Britain's other Dominions, notably Australia and New Zealand, are pushing ahead in the same direction with almost equal energy.

Evidently the coal-using countries must be alert or they will soon lose their present industrial hegemony. 'The harnessed power of the Victoria Falls or of the upper waters of the Nile, the rush of the mighty rivers of South America, or the mountain torrents of Norway and Sweden may swing the great centres of production to wholly new places on the map.'

This gives the statesman as well as the engineer food for thought. As a contributor in the *Empire Review* says: 'There is need at the present moment of international coöperation in many things, in science, and engineering, and research, even as much as in finance, in politics, and in power development.'

Major-General Sir Philip Nash, Chairman of the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, writing in the Conservative and ultra-Nationalist *English Review*, notes the desire for international coöperation that exists among men immeditely and consciously responsible for industrial welfare in every country.

While nearly every nation, in Europe especially, has been building up tariff walls and creating a single national language where formerly several were tolerated, desirous of fomenting national industries above all and of closing out foreign competition, the deeper movement towards greater knowledge, scientific and educational as well as economic, has persisted, with interesting results. The industrial institution and the State institution have shown a greater readiness to coöperate in research, experimental and theoretic, and supply informed opinion regarding State policy in any matter touching on their province; those institutions spread their points of contact farther and farther from the centre, come into touch with similar institutions abroad, and thus eventually pool their knowledge with that possessed by the latter. The idea of an international clearing-house or pool for scientific, educational, and economic knowledge has grown in strength during the last few years, and the first result of such a movement will be the destruction of exactly those barriers which a jealously national spirit has tended to erect in many countries. Coöperation in research, in science, in economic policy, must be the motto of the future.

Hereafter, according to this author, the tendency of industrial development in the newer parts of the world will be 'to make a country capable of absorbing an ever-increasing amount of excess labor from the main countries and so relieve them of some part of the burden of population, to industrialize it — but industrialize on a genuinely progressive scale!'

Senator Marconi's paper described a new development in wireless communication by which radio-telephone messages spoken at the Poldhu Station in Cornwall have been heard with perfect clearness by an official of the Australia Marconi Company in a private house at Sydney, Australia, so plainly that the words 'might have been spoken from the next street.' The same messages were heard in Montreal, and Senator Marconi informed a representative of the London *Daily Telegraph* that 'any fairly and reasonably efficient receiver would have received the message.'

This achievement was not due to directional radio-phoning, to so-called 'beam' communication, but to the employment of shorter wave-lengths. The development of wireless communi-

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cation during the past few years has been toward the use of constantly longer wave lengths, long distance transmission using waves of twenty thousand metres and requiring the power of one thousand kilowatts to send them. The new method is to employ a very short wave length, — of no more than one hundred metres, — by which it is possible to communicate for very long distances with a power of about thirty kilowatts. During April, May, and June last year, Senator Marconi's yatch *Elettra* received messages at a distance ranging from eight hundred and twenty to over two thousand miles with short wave lengths, where no more then twelve kilowatts were used. Senator Marconi says: 'By means of this system, economical and efficient low-power stations can be established which will maintain direct, high-speed services with the most distant parts of the globe during a considerable number of fixed hours per day.'

Among the advantages of the short waves are not only distinct transmission with low-power stations over distances hitherto considered impossible, but ability to transmit messages with greater speed, and in definite directions; for the short waves respond to reflector devices better than long waves.

It should be noted, however, that the messages from England to Australia, a distance of twelve thousand two hundred and nineteen nautical miles, which were transmitted successfully on the first trial, were sent without the use of any reflector at either end.

*

GREAT BRITAIN AND MEXICO

THE diplomatic incident between Great Britain and Mexico last June, when Mr. Cummins, the British Agent, remained for a time a voluntary prisoner in the Legation at Mexico City, where he was kept practically under *aquae et ignis interdictionem* by President Obregon, is still echoing — though not very loudly — through the British and Continental press. We need not repeat the details of the episode, which have already been given fully in the dispatches. Premier MacDonald has explained that the Mexican Government objected to the tone of Mr. Cummins's letters to its Foreign Office. Mr. Cummins was endeavoring to protect the rights of Mrs. Evans, a British subject residing in that country. But Dr. Dillon, a veteran British correspondent of high authority, who has written a laudatory book upon President Obregon's administration, has taken up the cudgels for the Mexican Government. He says that the real trouble with Mr. Cummins was not that he performed his duty in protecting British subjects, but that he intrigued — apparently in company with an American attaché who was detected and recalled — to secure the election of Robles Dominquez, a Conservative politician, to the presidency, and when he failed in this, that he worked in favor of the De la Huerta rebellion last spring.

Rodolfo Reyes, the Mexican Minister at Madrid, admits frankly in a letter to *El Sol*, that the nationals of other countries have suffered much in Mexico during the last few years; but protests that the methods adopted by Foreign Powers to right these wrongs are not likely to attain their object. 'Mexico may have sinned much, but in attempting to punish her they will only make her errors a rallying cry for the whole nation, for a people will endure anything rather than a direct threat to its sovereignty.'

César Falcon, the London staff-correspondent of *El Sol*, regrets that this episode has tended to increase the dependence of Mexico upon the United

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States. 'Premier MacDonald has taken up the matter with the United States because, as he declared in the House of Commons, England has agreed to work in harmony with the Washington government in Mexico.' But the root of the trouble is in Spanish America itself:—

> The smaller nations of America might assert their personality in the world and laugh at the theoretical tutorship of the United States; but to do so they must be conscious of their own dignity and independence, and it is certain that many of them do not possess this sentiment as yet. . . . The best agents of Yankee imperialism in Spanish America are the Spanish Americans. We have an excellent example of that in Honduras to-day.

✻

GENERAL HERTZOG

A South-African editor, writing in the London *Daily Mail*, describes General Hertzog as quite the reverse of the fire-eating Secessionist commonly pictured in the British press. Indeed, if we are to believe this authority, who has often talked with the Nationalist leader 'in his quaint family home in one of the oldest streets in Bloemfontein,' General Hertzog 'is the mildest man who ever provoked diatribes about secession, rebellion, racialism, and civil war.' He is 'a lean, quiet man, with tanned face and small, iron-gray mustache . . . one of the kindliest and most courteous statesmen one could wish to meet. . . . There is no trace of racialism in his conversation, no tinge of bitterness toward the English people.' He is described as mellowed rather than embittered by political abuse. Very much a South African, 'perhaps he sees too much of South Africa and too little of the rest of the world. Possibly he is somewhat fanatical on the subject of "South Africa First". . . . He would rather give his life than wittingly harm South Africa. If he errs it will be only because dreams cannot always come true in a hard world.'

Speaking of his attitude toward the British Empire, General Hertzog recently said: 'Nationalists do not look upon Secession as a matter of practical politics, and are unlikely to do so until the rest of the people, especially the masses of British feeling, are in favor of it.'

The present Governor-General of the South African Union, the Earl of Athlone, is connected by marriage with the reigning house of Holland through his wife, who is the granddaughter of Queen Victoria and first cousin of Queen Wilhelmina of the Netherlands. The Governor-General's family has always maintained close social relations with its Holland relatives, and a touch of political tact may be discerned in the selection of King George's vicar in this restless semi-Dutch Dominion.

✻

GANDHI AND DAS

An attempt to work out a programme of harmonious action between the Gandhi Non-Coöperationists and the new Swarajist Party, which believes in a policy of systematic obstruction in the Indian legislative bodies, has fallen through, and the British press heralds with but half-disguised satisfaction what it interprets as a permanent rift between the proponents of activism and the proponents of pacifism in the Indian independence movement. Mr. Das and his Party have the prestige of at least partial success. They have undoubtedly embarrassed the British Government appreciably in its effort to apply the recent constitutional reforms, and they are probably a force that will have to be reckoned with hereafter. The Non-Coöperation

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movement is apparently in a more equivocal position. It makes demands upon the faith, the patience, and the endurance of its followers that, we can well imagine, have but a limited appeal to the man in the street.

On the other hand, it will not do to attach too much importance to current reports of dissension among the Indian leaders. Their aims are pretty much the same, and their disputes over methods may possibly be compromised. Mr. Gandhi continues to lay stress on the necessity of individual moral reform as a prerequisite of political independence, and he has made prohibition a leading plank in his new platform. Native Indian papers contain many allusions to the struggle to suppress the drink and the drug traffic, in which the British Government is usually represented as the champion of the rum-sellers. Gandhi would seem likely to have Moslem support for this part of his programme, which seeks to enforce on all Indians a command of the Koran. Nevertheless, Gandhi's organ, *Young India*, reports that he is receiving many letters from Moslems charging him with weakening the Moslem community by preaching coöperation between Hindus and Moslems. He says that some of these letters 'contain unprintable abuse' and traces this hostility to a 'most dangerous' source: 'The thinking portion [of Moslem India] seems to be tired of non-violence.'

✽

OUR SECRET DISCOVERED

THE sporting editor of *L'Echo de Paris* discourses as follows upon the superiority of the American athletes in the Olympic games. He saw our countrymen win most of the prizes at Athens in 1896, and take the lead at St. Louis, London, Stockholm, and Antwerp. Although many of the brilliant records just made by our representatives at Paris had not been registered when he wrote, he discounted them by anticipation.

'Whence this superiority?' he asks. Partly it is due to race. Our athletes represent selections from many strains; they are the product of the cross-breeding and transplanting of the most virile European races. The popularity of outdoor sports among our schoolboys and college students is a second reason; and the general well-being of our people doubtless contributes to their physical superiority.

Furthermore our representatives are selected from a much larger population than those of many of the European countries. But the writer finds reasons for considering each of these explanations, or all taken together, inadequate.

> They do not explain the great superiority of the Americans to the Anglo-Saxons and Scandinavians, for example, most of whose athletes belong to the same social classes and are educated in the same manner as the Americans. No, the real secret of American success is to be found in their training, which I think is unequalled, and particularly in the spirit that characterizes that training. Now this spirit — this secret of the Americans — I believe I discovered the other day when I visited them at the Chateau of Rocquencourt. That secret is the habit of working happily together as a great family. High spirits are characteristic of the Rocquencourt camp. A feminine element is not lacking there, formed of the mothers and sisters of the contestants. There are all kinds of distractions. The table is excellent. On every side you see smiling countenances. . . . We ought to copy this. . . . We are temperamentally qualified to do so for we are by no means a sad nation, but our trainers and sport-directors are often personages who take their rôle too seriously. . . . They are too much given to long and tedious lectures, and eventually the contestants themselves acquire the harassed and *réclamiste* manner of their leaders. Yes, let us insist on the

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psychological basis of the Americans' superiority in the Olympic games. They are a happy people. They do not pose. But mark well, this does not keep them from following strictly a voluntary discipline, which is the best possible kind of discipline to have.

✽

MINOR NOTES

RECENTLY Osaka *Mainichi* celebrated with races, balloons, and fireworks the attainment of one million circulation. *Asahi*, also published in that industrial centre, claims more than a million subscribers, and the *Shufu no Tomo*, or 'The Housewife's Friend,' reaches more readers than either of its competitors. The two former papers are keen rivals. They are said to be the only journals in Japan that have used airplanes for gathering news. *Asahi* is a shade the more cautious and conservative, but both papers show a tendency to shift from radicalism to moderation, or even conservatism, as their circle of readers extends.

A SOCIAL survey of the town of Ipswich, England, which has a population of eighty thousand people, indicates that the waterworks supply 8250 gallons of water a year per capita to its citizens, but there are church accommodations for only one person out of three. Despite the housing shortage, the people are better lodged in respect to both the roominess and the quality of tenements than a century or more ago. The number of individuals per dwelling has declined since 1801 from five to four and four tenths.

SUBHI BEY EL EITRIBI, a director of the Ottoman Bank, writes in a contribution to *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*:—

Not a day passes without some new foreign company being established in Egypt. Not long ago a French consortium, headed by the Lebon Brothers of the Gas Company and two former Egyptian ministers, were authorized to form a light, heat, and power corporation, and consolidate the existing franchises. An Italian consortium, with a former Egyptian premier at its head, is about to set up 'an Italian Commercial Bank of Egypt.' A group of French and English promoters is negotiating for the right to develop a hydroelectric enterprise at the Cataracts of the Nile. Another company proposes to supply wireless-telephone service to the Stock Exchange. Still other promoters are negotiating for irrigation rights covering the arid lands in the western part of the Nile Delta.

CROWDED PARIS

A vagrant, officer! Not at all. I 've rented all my rooms to American visitors at the Olympic Games. — *Rire*

TROTSKII INSPECTS THE DARDENELLES

A satire upon an apocryphal interview. — Moscow *Pravda*

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TEN YEARS AGO

[Die Glocke *prints the following extracts from the German press as a picture of the development of sentiment in that country during the critical week that saw the outbreak of the World War.*]

From *Die Glocke, June* 19
(Socialist Chauvinist Weekly)

Rheinisch-Westfälische Zeitung (Krupp's Essen daily), *July* 24. — The Austro-Hungarian ultimatum is nothing less than an invitation to war, but this time a most dangerous one. Apparently we stand face to face with an Austro-Serbian conflict. It is possible, very possible, that we shall have to extinguish a conflagration in Eastern Europe with our own weapons, either in compliance with a treaty or under compulsion of events. But it is scandalous that the Imperial Government did not insist at Vienna that such an ultimatum should be submitted to it beforehand. To-day there is only one last recourse left: to declare that we are not obligated to fight a war to back up a Hapsburg policy of conquest.

Die Post (Berlin Conservative daily), *July* 24. — Is this a diplomatic note? No, it is an ultimatum — in fact, an ultimatum in the bluntest form. Austria demands an answer within twenty-four hours. An answer? No, the submissive acceptance, the complete humiliation, of Serbia. Hitherto we have scoffed often enough — and with good ground — at Austria's lack of vigor. Here we have an example of vigor that is terrifying. The note represents the last word that a Government can use, and a word that is not spoken until it has been decided to declare war in any case.

Berliner Tageblatt (Liberal-Progressive daily), *July* 26. — Last night between twelve and one o'clock a great mob gathered in front of the Russian Embassy in Berlin. Its members hooted and whistled, and shouted: 'Down with Russia!' 'Long live Austria!' 'Down with Serbia!' The police gradually dispersed the crowd. Such uncalled-for demonstrations by immature and thoughtless young men will be condemned unsparingly by all serious and rational people. We hope that measures will be taken at once to prevent the repetition of such a scandal, and to bring the disturbers of the peace to account, and we regret that such measures have not already been taken.

Leipziger Tageblatt (Moderate pro-Bismarck daily), *July* 27. — *Paris, July* 26. This morning about one hundred young fellows gathered in front of the Austrian Embassy and began to shout: 'Down with Austria! Death to Austria!' One of the disturbers pulled a black-and-yellow flag out of his pocket, set a match to it, and trod it underfoot. The police immediately intervened, and dispersed the troublemakers. The Austrian Ambassador at once protested at the Quai d'Orsay against this demonstration, and demanded that measures be taken to prevent its repetition. The Director of the Foreign Office expressed his regret at what had happened, and declared that necessary measures would be taken immediately. The rioters marched from the Austrian Embassy to the Russian Embassy, in order to make a demonstration of sympathy for that

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country, but were prevented from doing so by the police.

Vossische Zeitung (Berlin Liberal-Jingo daily), *July* 30. — Alarming rumors are multiplying rapidly during the last few days. Between two and three o'clock yesterday afternoon the *Lokal-Anzeiger* issued an extra containing a report that an order to mobilize the army and navy had already been signed. Upon inquiring of the authorities, we discovered that this report was false. The extra edition was withdrawn from circulation shortly afterward. About three o'clock Wolff's Bureau circulated the following official denial of this alarming report: 'We learn from an authoritative source that the report published in an extra edition of the *Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger*, to the effect that His Majesty the Kaiser has ordered the mobilization of the navy and army, is untrue.' This extra edition accentuated still further the excitement of the Stock Exchange, and also created great concern in the ranks of the general public.

Berliner Lokal-Anzeiger (semiofficial Monarchist daily), *July* 31. — *Rome, July* 31. It would be literally criminal to doubt the resolute determination of Italy at this moment. Italy will unhesitatingly fulfill the expectations of her allies. These are substantially the words in which an Italian Cabinet officer, who is a personal friend of mine, summarized the situation in my presence to-night.

Deutscher Kurier (Berlin Jingo, steel-industry daily), *July* 31. — *New York, July* 31. Dispatches from Tokyo indicate that people in the Japanese capital are following events in Europe with intense interest. Long Cabinet meetings are held daily in Tokyo, concerning which absolute secrecy is maintained. It is considered not improbable here that if Russia becomes involved in a European war Japan will put great difficulties in the way of the Russian Government in order thus to ease over the domestic crisis in Japan.

Berliner Zeitung am Mittag (current-affairs daily), *August* 2. — At Lichterfelde a grocer insisted that a woman purchasing from him should pay him in gold money. When the woman declared that she had only a hundred-mark bill, he would not consent to take it except on the condition that he be paid ten marks extra. The woman let herself be intimidated and paid ten marks more than her original bill. Her husband immediately reported the incident to the police, who promptly closed the merchant's shop, which an angry mob was already preparing to storm.

Münchener Post (Bavarian Social-Democratic daily), *August* 1. — Defeat would be tantamount to a complete collapse, to annihilation, to endless misery for all of us. Our whole being revolts against this possibility. Our Party's representatives in the Reichstag have unanimously declared on countless occasions that the Social Democrats would not desert their Fatherland in the moment of peril. If the fateful hour strikes, the workingmen will make good the promise that their delegates in Parliament have given. Our 'unpatriotic' comrades will do their duty in a way that no patriot can improve upon.

Magdeburgische Zeitung (Centrist daily with Conservative leanings), *August* 2. — *Berlin, August* 1. At several synagogues the rabbis now recite the following prayer at morning service: 'My brethren and sisters. Serious, bitterly serious troubles threaten our land, threaten perhaps the whole world.

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However we as individuals may be affected by them, we shall as a body be loyal to our country. We Jews, above all, will show that the ancient blood of heroes still flows in our veins, and that we have learned to some purpose in the course of a thousand years to endure suffering and sacrifice. Up to the present our country has been our shelter and our protection. Now we must be a shelter and protection to our country, upon which it can confidently rely. To this end may the Almighty God vouchsafe us his blessing and his aid. Amen.'

Berliner Zeitung am Mittag, *August* 4. — *Hamburg*, *August* 4. Late last night the building of the new Alster Pavilion, which has just been occupied, was completely wrecked. For several days the Alster Pavilion has been the centre of all our patriotic demonstrations. Yesterday a Dane remained seated during the singing of the national hymn, to the intense indignation of the public. Somebody shouted at him: 'Russian, stand up!' At the same moment several rushed upon him and beat him, so that he was assisted out of the place covered with blood. The excitement increased when another young man, who tried to read a telegram, was prevented from doing so by the proprietor of the place. One of the young man's companions suddenly shouted: 'He 's been thrown out by the landlord.' Thereupon people began to hoot. One of the men present mounted on a chair and shouted: 'Smash the place to pieces.' In a moment tables and chairs and everything else that was not securely fastened down were seized and broken to fragments. The mob smashed every window. Meanwhile a fire company and a strong detachment of police arrived, cleared the Pavilion, and closed a large part of the Alsterstieg to traffic. Several people received slight wounds. A number of arrests were made.

München-Augsburger Abendzeitung, *August* 3. — *Berlin*, *August* 2. During the night of August 1 an enemy airship was observed proceeding from the direction of Kerprich toward Andernach. . . . Enemy airplanes were observed proceeding from Düren to Cologne. A French airplane was shot down at Wesel.

Deutsche Tageszeitung (Reventlow's Ultra-Jingo organ), *August* 3. — *Metz*, *August* 3. Yesterday a French physician, with the assistance of two disguised French officers, tried to infect the water supply here with cholera bacilli. He was promptly arrested and shot.

This report seems so incredible that it might be taken for the figment of a diseased imagination if it were not confirmed and circulated by an official bureau. We are informed that in other places, in the eastern part of the empire, physicians attempting to perpetrate the same atrocity have been detected, arrested, and shot. Such debased and degenerate criminals, who disgrace the profession of medicine, ought not to be honored with a bullet — they should be hanged!

Berliner Tageblatt, *August* 4. — The report circulated yesterday afternoon by a semiofficial source, to the effect that the water supply at Metz had been infected with cholera bacilli, proves to be a canard. At 7.45 P.M. last evening the semiofficial bureau in question published the following correction: 'The report to the effect that a French physician was arrested yesterday at Metz, while attempting to infect a water source with cholera bacilli, has been proved false, and similar reports from other cities have so far not been confirmed. Consequently there is no occasion for public concern, but people should continue to be on their guard.'

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Germania (Berlin Clerical daily), *August 5.* — A rumor is current in Berlin that Müggel Lake has been infected. This rumor is utterly false. The water has been examined and found free from all contamination.

Frankfurter Zeitung (Liberal daily), *August 3.* — To German Jews: In her hour of extremity the Fatherland summons her sons to her banners. It goes without saying that every German Jew is ready to sacrifice his property and his life on the altar of duty. Fellow Brothers of the Faith, we appeal to you to give freely to your Fatherland, even beyond the demands of duty. Hasten to the colors of your own accord. All of you, men and women alike, place your personal services at the disposal of the country, and dedicate your money, your wealth to her cause. *Signed, Berlin, August* 1. The Union of German Jews, the Central Union of German Citizens of the Jewish Faith.

Kölnische Zeitung (National-Liberal daily), *August* 4. — *Naumburg, August* 4. Several automobiles with lady passengers, and carrying money to Russia, are traveling in the direction of that country. These automobiles are to be stopped and to be delivered immediately to the nearest authorities.

Das Kleine Journal, Berlin, August 5. — *Naumburg, August 5.* The occupants of the automobile that is carrying gold to Russia are reported to have transferred the gold to bicyclists, who are disguised as stonemasons.

Leipziger Neueste Nachrichten (Conservative daily), *August 5.* — *Eibenstock, August* 4. It is officially reported that a large number of enemy automobiles have been observed near Muldenberg. They immediately scattered in all directions as soon as they discovered that they were being watched. These automobiles are reported to be carrying 25,000,000 francs in gold, but that fact has not yet been fully confirmed.

Berliner Tageblatt, August 6. — *Ofen-Pest.* Upon receiving reports from the authorities at Breslau that French remittances of gold were in transit by automobile through Hungary to Russia, the gendarmes near Gran stopped several speeding automobiles, in which more than 30,000,000 francs in gold, destined for Russia, were discovered. The occupants of the automobiles were turned over to the military authorities.

[*Later*] It is officially ordered that pursuit of alleged enemy automobiles carrying money cease. It is interfering with the automobile service of the army.

Tägliche Rundschau (Berlin Pan-German daily), *August 5.* — When the Kaiser, after yesterday's unforgettable opening of the Reichstag, bade adieu to its members in the White Hall of the Royal Palace, he shook hands last with Deputy von Calker, the Strassburg Professor of Political Law. Herr von Calker was wearing his uniform as Major of the Gardelandwehr, and therefore presented himself to the sovereign in the dual capacity of a member of the Reichstag and of an army officer. This moved the Kaiser to add to his conventional greeting an expression of the feeling which, after the solemn ceremony just completed, — this reconsecration of the holy bond uniting prince and people by a formal pledge of loyalty of the party leaders, — surged in the breast of the war lord. The Kaiser gazed at Herr von Calker a moment, dropped the hand he had just pressed, clenched his fist, made a vigorous gesture like a man delivering a blow and ejaculating, 'Now we shall thrash them,' nodded and withdrew.

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BERTHA VON SUTTNER'S SPIRITUAL TESTAMENT

BY SIGMUND MÜNZ

From *Prager Tagblatt, June* 20
(German-Language Nationalist-Liberal Daily)

Ten years will soon have passed since the outbreak of the war, with all its tragic aftermath. A few weeks previously a remarkable woman, whose lifelong appeal for peace had won her the admiration of her contemporaries, closed her eyes for the last time at Vienna. Bertha von Suttner was the first woman to win the Nobel Peace Prize. For decades she had fought incessantly, on the platform and with the pen, for the peace ideal. It was she who persuaded the great Swedish industrialist, Nobel, to whom she was attached by many ties of personal friendship and common sympathy, to devote a large share of his immense fortune to the cause of peace. It was at her suggestion that he established a peace prize, together with his other prizes for science and literature.

A friendship of many years' standing bound me also to this remarkable woman. She twice crossed the Atlantic to deliver addresses upon the peace movement in the United States. There were few European capitals that had not heard her voice from the platform warning them against the consequences of their threatening armaments-race. Indeed, her reputation stood higher abroad than in Austria itself. She had hosts of admirers, especially in the Scandinavian and Anglo-Saxon countries. She was in every sense of the word a cosmopolitan. Her modest house in Zedlitzgasse, Vienna, to which great men from every civilized country made pilgrimages, was the centre of a movement that touched the first minds and the noblest hearts of her age.

Bertha von Suttner has told the story of her life in her memoirs. These describe her ever-broadening development from the spiritual narrowness of an aristocratic Austrian household to the liberal and enlightened cosmopolitanism of her later years. Her salon, where distinguished men from all parts of the world were wont to gather, testified to a broad liberality that welcomed representatives of every phase of noble and humanitarian endeavor. Catholic and Protestant, prelate and preacher, met in friendly coöperation under her roof. Only a few months before her death she appealed successfully to the new Archbishop of Vienna, Cardinal Piffl, to exert himself for the success of the great World Peace Congress to be held in that city the coming autumn. She wrote me a few hasty lines from her deathbed, requesting that I see that certain distinguished delegates to the coming Congress were properly received. But the war put an effectual quietus on the Congress itself, and a merciful death closed the eyes of its most devoted promoter before they witnessed the suicidal orgy of organized murder that ensued.

The French physiologist Richet, the German physicist Ostwald, Prince Albert of Monaco, President Thomas Masaryk, Sir Max Waechter, and Guglielmo Ferrero were among Bertha von Suttner's friends. She corresponded with Rudolf Eucken, Bernard Shaw, and Andrew White, whose guest she had been at Ithaca, N.Y., and especially with Andrew Carnegie, whom

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she had visited at his Scottish castle. She entrusted to me, shortly before she passed away, the following lines, which might be called her spiritual testament. I now make them public on the tenth anniversary of her death: —

'Inasmuch as all my life-labor, all my experience and its fruits, are closely associated with a movement that throughout history from the most ancient times has stirred the hearts of a few noble individuals, and has manifested itself in every country within the last few decades as an organized effort known as pacifism; and inasmuch as I have been in close touch with the leading spirits of this movement, with statesmen like Léon Bourgeois, Muraviev, and Gladstone, with writers like Tolstoi and Björnson, I may perhaps be expected to try to trace the cause of pacifism historically, or to fortify it with arguments. But that is not my purpose. I shall not attempt to throw light on the subject from either the historical or the polemical standpoint, but only as it presents itself in my personal philosophy of life, from which my pacifist convictions and activities spring. I shall not discuss the particular problems and phenomena that characterize our age, nor their developments and effects, but I shall try to picture the image of the world that mirrors itself in the souls of my contemporaries, who have occupied themselves with this question.

'An attitude toward the world — *eine Weltanschauung* — means essentially a philosophy to be developed more easily in two or three volumes than upon two or three sheets of note paper; although the enforced brevity of the writer may indeed be gratifying to the reader. The natural sciences have gradually revealed to us many — but by no means all — of the natural forces, and have disclosed the law that governs the processes of the universe: the law of evolution. All that exists; suns and stars, and whatever lives upon these stars; our earth with its stones, plants, animals, mankind, and all that proceeds out of the human race; language, industry, ideals, arts, sciences, political institutions — in short, everything that is, has evolved to its present condition and continues to evolve. Everywhere increasing differentiation and new fusion into larger units.

'That this evolution is forward and upward is a fact that we express by the word "progress." The concept of progress lies at the foundation of pacifism. That is why most of the opponents of this movement are found in the camp of the Conservatives, of those who resist progress, who preach a return to the good old times, who oppose the theory of evolution and base their entire philosophy upon what has been and what exists to-day. They are either blind to what lies ahead of us, or expect it to be a mere repetition of what has always been. They take note of the future, to be sure, because they are compelled to do so, but approach it like a crab, *à reculons*.

'The path of evolution leads to the enriching and ennobling, to an ever higher unfolding, of life. Therein lies a guaranty for the victory of the pacifist ideal. The accumulation of machines of slaughter, the perpetuation of mutual hatred, cannot permanently stop our constant straining toward humanity's goal of greater happiness and richer culture. Even the anti-pacifists see that, but they believe in the iron necessity of what has been, of the old order, and will not lift a hand to change it. They have settled down in things as they are. They and their interests are rooted in existing institutions and practices. They love these

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things, and they consider any effort to change them not only folly but crime.

'But whether men so design or not, conditions change. Our social units are constantly growing larger. The interests of peoples are becoming increasingly identified. New ideals, new necessities, new aspirations unceasingly appear ahead of us. Our present military system, with its paroxysm of armaments competition, will be foiled by the very instinct of self-preservation to which it appeals, and which instinctively resists forces that would lead the world to ruin and self-annihilation. We can already see, if only in embryonic form, the beginning of the organisms that the future political existence of nations demands. I have witnessed the beginning of several of these organisms in my own lifetime: the Interparliamentary Union — the prophecy of a future world-parliament; the Hague Tribunal — the foreshadowing of a future world-court.

'Men may raise their old cries of scorn: "Utopia, nonsense, impossibilities! Human nature will always remain the same! History tells us that war is her moving force!" — and similar militarist catchwords. But my philosophy of life teaches me the vanity of such doubts. And thus man, the youngest, highest fruit of millions of years of organic evolution on this earth, who himself has taken hundreds of thousands of years to rise from his primitive barbarity to his present stage of civilization — man has at length discovered the natural forces and has made them slaves of his Aladdin's lamp to serve his wishes. Technical and physical miracles have been wrought by his hand, and spiritual, moral, and social miracles will necessarily follow in their wake. Only vision based on knowledge enabled him to conceive the steam engine and the airplane. Vision based on knowledge will similarly enable him to conceive new forms of social organization.

'Sociology is still in its infancy. As soon as we become familiar with the forces and laws governing social evolution, they too will become slaves to our Aladdin's lamp, and we shall need only to formulate a clear conception of our goal to discover in our hands the means of attaining it.

'This means in its application to pacifism that the establishment of a reign of assured law and order between nations depends only upon knowledge and upon will — the knowledge to devise, the will to carry out; especially on the part of the powerful of the earth, for they already have the instrumentalities at their beck and call. To provide these instrumentalities is the modest but sacred duty of every friend of peace, of a peace movement that is but one chapter in the greater beneficent history of human evolution. Pacifism, therefore, is a doctrine that in spite of all the cruel disillusionments of the past and all the dangerous developments of the present — which are merely transitional phenomena — may well inspire its devotees with exultant confidence in the future.

'(*Signed*) BERTHA VON SUTTNER'

These were her last written words. I leave it to the reader to decide whether the World War, which her eyes were spared witnessing, has falsified and refuted her prophecy. Or was not this war, perhaps, the transitional phenomenon — the last spasm of an expiring era — that she, with far clearer vision than was granted to so-called statesmen and practical men of affairs, foresaw impending?

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MARGARINE AND MUSIC

BY A TRADES-UNIONIST

From the *North China Herald, June 7*
(Shanghai British Weekly)

If the figures printed in our Liberal and Labor newspapers on the wages and the costs of living in Germany are correct it is difficult to understand how the workers there manage to exist. And if the stories in the other newspapers of the enormous wages of the Americans are also true it is evident that most of those lucky workers will soon be able to retire and live on the interest of their capital.

Relative statistics on these subjects are easy to get, and it is even more easy to generalize from them. What is lacking is a detailed account of just how the workman lives; what — as the American cinema captions put it — his 'eats' are, and what he pays for housing accommodation, whether he is able to save any considerable proportion of his wages, and what share he has in the more civilized amenities of modern life.

The difference between the general and the particular in dealing with these problems was sharply brought home to us a few days ago through a visit we paid to the home of a skilled artisan who had been out of work for nearly three years. He was one of the million and a half unemployed who are customarily visualized as being the most unhappy section of our populace. He is middle-aged, married, and has two children at school; and his mother, an old woman over seventy, lives with him. On the surface one would think that here was a case of particular hardship, for there are children at school, the unemployment has been prolonged, and the wife has no trade.

Their weekly income consisted of 15*s*. Unemployment Insurance Grant for the man, and a dependants' allowance of 5*s*. for the wife and a shilling each for the children. The grandmother was drawing the Old Age Pension of 10*s*. per week. The man's trade-union paid him 10*s*. per week from a fund maintained by a special levy on his fellow craftsmen in work. Most of the skilled-trades unions pay a grant of this kind. This made the joint income of the family 42*s*. per week. Their house was a six-room one in a working-class suburb and the rent was 11*s*. 2*d*. per week. They sublet one room for 6*s*. 6*d*., which made their net rent 4*s*. 8*d*.

The wife was very discursive on the standard of living possible with this income. From her we gathered that breakfast consisted of tea and toasted bread and margarine. The midday meal consisted of meat and two vegetables followed by boiled rice. Tea was the same as breakfast with the occasional addition of herrings or kippers when they were cheap, and for supper there was bread and margarine and cocoa. Gas for lighting and cooking cost 1*s*. 3*d*. per week, and coal 3*s*. The housewife's greatest problem was clothes and boots. Her house was clean and neat, but it was evident that all the curtains, tablecloths, and clothes of the family were threadbare and badly worn. She said it was only possible to spare 3*s*. per week for clothes and boots, and that only paid for leather and materials for mending.

It should be noted that, although the

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whole of this family's income consisted of grants, none of them was a strictly charitable grant or Poor Law Relief. They were a part of what might now be called the vested interests of a British workman. And in addition to these direct payments there were other benefits. Ten minutes' walk from his house are municipal baths and wash-houses carried on at great loss by the corporation. In these his wife for a few coppers may have the use of every modern power-driven laundry device for doing her week's washing in a few hours and drying and mangling it. This abolishes the dirt and discomfort of the old washing-day in the home. And for 2*d*. it is possible to get the use of a sumptuously appointed private bath-room with unlimited soap and hot water in the same building. Nearer still there are a fine Free Library and reading-rooms. From these the family can obtain the latest and best novels and technical works a few days after publication. By filling in a form any special book will be bought for them to read, subject to the approval of the librarian, which is usually freely given. The living-room of this unemployed man's house contained a shelf exclusively filled with new books lent from this library. Other municipal amenities at his disposal gratis were half-a-dozen art galleries, several beautiful parks and flower gardens, and many courses of free lectures by men of world-famous reputation.

His son and daughter, having shown an intelligent interest in the subjects taught in the early standards of the elementary school, had been drafted into a secondary school. In this the teaching was far superior to that at a good private school. The curriculum included mathematics, French, chemistry, and physics, and the most modern laboratories and the best-equipped workshops were at the service of the scholars. All books and apparatus were supplied free of charge.

All these luxuries were provided at great expense by the State or the municipality. But the crowning luxury was being supplied by private enterprise. It was 'broadcast.' This unemployed man had built for a few coppers a wireless crystal receiving set, and had acquired for 10*s*. a pair of second-hand phones. The set had an inside aerial impossible of detection and he had no licence. It was only two miles from a broadcasting station and with it he was receiving a seven-hour daily programme consisting of the latest news, the best vocal and instrumental music, and the most interesting lectures and plays.

He said that he got up about 8.30, and after breakfast went to the trade-union 'out-of-work room' to 'sign on' and see if there were any jobs in the papers. Twice a week he had also to go to the Labor Exchange and make a formal application for work at the vacancy counter. There never was any work to be had there, he said, but it was necessary to do this to fulfill the Unemployment Committee's demand that he should prove he was looking for work. His trade-union forbade its members to go round the workshops seeking work as it had a tendency to bring wages down. Applications for men had to be sent to the union offices, which then supplied the employer with a list of the men out of work.

After signing on at the out-of-work room he usually went on to the allotment garden he rented from the municipality at a nominal rent and did a few hours' work. After dinner he did any boot-mending or other casual job that needed doing in the home and then spent the rest of the day reading or 'listening in' on his wireless set.

There are tens of thousands of unemployed in the same position as

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this man and his family. The two circumstances that lift them above the destitute remainder are membership in a good trade-union that has not frittered its reserves away in hopeless disputes, and the luck of being a householder. When all the expensive indirect benefits are added to the direct cash payments which the State and the municipality give these members of the community, the cost of providing them with food and amusement must be enormous. And yet it is almost impossible to put a finger on any specific benefit and say that it should be abolished or reduced, and it would be difficult to argue that some of them should not be increased.

This man is a skilled workman getting on in years and willing to work to the utmost of his capacity. There is a slump in his trade and every time there has been a vacancy the employer or foreman has chosen a younger and more active man. In view of the unpromising prospect of improvement there seems no reason why he should not remain an unwilling parasite on the community for another three years. And by that time he will no doubt be a complete man-about-town philosophically resigned to poor living and high thinking and indisposed to exchange bread and margarine and leisure for eggs and bacon and work. Twenty years ago there would have been a small chance of such a man finding a semi-skilled or unskilled occupation without any difficulty. It would be almost impossible now because every kind of labor is organized and the rules of every trade-union contain a clause forbidding its members to join another society. The only occupation open to him is door-to-door canvassing, for which the chief asset is the ability to excite pity.

Undoubtedly there is something radically wrong in a state of things that enables a man to have at his command innumerable luxuries without doing anything to earn them. A Labor Government is likely to increase these amenities by an increase in the allowances. No Government would dare to reduce them. Whole-hearted individualists demand the abolition of all these devices to ameliorate unemployment. If this were done, they say, the workers would compete more desperately for work; wages would come down; production would go up; and very soon we should win back our old place on the world's markets. It is a false assumption. The menaced workers would be more likely to combine and lend a more attentive ear to the agitators who tell them that the only solution of their miseries lies in the abolition of the capitalist system.

That the out-of-works should be employed on 'works of national importance' has long been a plank in the Labor programme. It is, however, doubtful if it will ever be a plank they will walk on. To employ inefficient factory-bred workers on out-of-door work at less than the ordinary navvy's wages would bring official Labor into disrepute with trades-unionists, and to pay such labor the full rate would provoke opposition from anti-waste enthusiasts. The trade depression has been so prolonged that foremen and employers have now weeded the older and less fit workmen out of their factories and the bulk of the present unemployed are not of the type for heavy out-door work. Labor's policy will be to increase the 'dole,' and to abolish the present gap between payments. This will increase unemployment and the burden on those who remain in work. The solution of the problem seems as far off as ever.

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A CONGO JOURNEY

BY LEO HERBST

From *Kölnische Zeitung, June* 7, 11, 14
(Conservative Daily, British Occupied Territory)

Our sturdy tramp pushed doggedly through the smooth, dark-blue water, whose lazy swells pulsated with oily heaviness. Ascending to the bridge for a breath of air, I beheld with astonishment the strong contours of a rolling, hilly coast ahead, with stretches of meadowland, valleys, and headlands, dotted here and there with bright spots like farmhouses. Before I could ask the officer of the watch where we were, the illusion vanished, to be replaced by a boundless expanse of seaweed and drifting vegetation, tokens of the great neighboring river. A combination of sunlight, mist, and reflection from the water had produced the mirage. We ploughed an hour longer through masses of floating vegetation, stifled by hot, steamy vapors and stagnant odors, before evening at last added a trace of freshness to the air.

It must have been about midnight. Unable to sleep on account of the heat, I was reading in my cabin when someone called through the port in an excited voice: 'You'd better come out.'

Stepping on deck, I stood transfixed with astonishment. The ship was gliding noiselessly through the water, with only the light throbbing of her engine audible. Despite the black heavens above, the deck and the silent men leaning against the rail were bathed in a weird greenish light. Not a person spoke. The steamer seemed to be slipping over a sea of brilliant quicksilver, whose surface emitted a mysterious radiance. Bending over the rail, I could see that our water line was a band of greenish-silver fire. A rippling wave of flame stretched backward from the bow. Our wake was like the flaming tail of a comet. The livid, unearthly radiance, the deathly stillness, the pitchy blackness of the starless heaven, the broad, silvery, shimmering surface of the water, combined to make an unforgettable spectacle. Schools of fish darted hither and thither in triangular squadrons, tracing their course on the surface by ribbony festoons of fire. Here and there an individual fish, startled from its repose, darted off like a flash from an explosion. At times the whole sea was crisscrossed with countless thousands of these pale bands of light. When a light breeze sprang up, the molten surface broke into a dazzling mosaic of sparks and flashes. It was as if we were being borne upon a stream of incandescent metal into the abyss of black, boundless night. But even as I gazed the light grew weaker and weaker. The steamer seemed suddenly to submerge herself in darkness, and a moment later only the reflection of her signal lights broke the liquid blackness of the depths below.

A strange introduction to this uncanny continent, as if its very threshold were guarded by unsubstantial visions of fevered fancy! Our old gray-haired captain, who had voyaged in the tropics all his life, and was temperamentally unimaginative and matter-of-fact, stared into the blackness ahead in silent reverie, relighted his stub pipe, and then remarked: 'I've seen many strange sights since I first went to sea, and all

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sorts of phosphorescent phenomena, but never anything like this.'

Dawn found us ploughing through brown, muddy water, still foul with floating vegetation. The scrawny, weed-covered branches of drifting trees thrust themselves in the air. Thus for two hundred miles from its mouth does the mighty Congo imprint itself upon the ocean. As the light grew stronger we detected a narrow strip of coast, from which, as we drew nearer, palms emerged. The mouth of the Congo! There is nothing as yet to suggest a river; but our charts tell us we are no longer on the high sea — to the left a little green peninsula with a banana-girdled settlement; to the right open water as far as the horizon.

A big, blond, blue-eyed Scandinavian pilot comes aboard and takes charge of the steamer. Some time later we make out dimly land to the southward — yonder where the little Portuguese harbor of San Antonio lies. Slowly the two lines of land draw nearer, like the shore lines of a mighty gulf. We steer cautiously to avoid the shallows. Even now the true shore is not in sight. We are passing through a group of great islands lying in the river's mouth. Hour after hour we push on against a heavy current, hugging the right bank on the Belgian side. At first the land is perfectly flat, covered with dense mangrove thickets; little by little hills clad with thinner vegetation appear, and grassy islands dot the river's surface. At length the true south shore — which belongs to Portugal — emerges as a pale-blue streak in the distance. The steamer labors onward, the hills become higher and higher, broad swampy meadows with white sandy beaches push themselves between them. We occasionally see an alligator sleeping on a gravelly bar. The current eddies and circles around the vessel. The only groves are in valleys between the loftier hills. The rest of the bank is covered with coarse grass, from which great baobab trees rise like solitary pillars.

Late in the afternoon we reach Boma, the political capital of the Congo Free State, where we tie up at a long stone quay. Boma was once an important commercial centre, but since the completion of the Congo railway Matadi has become the real metropolis, and the older settlement has retrograded to a sleepy seat of government.

On a gentle slope overlooking the harbor stands the governor's mansion, in the midst of a broad park. Most of the government offices and the residences of the higher officials are in the immediate vicinity. The park shows painful evidences of neglect, and the whole town presents a notable contrast with the scrupulously tidy English colonial capitals. The streets are broad and well laid out, and are shaded by avenues of magnificent palms, eucalypti, and other ornamental trees. The wide lawns, interrupted here and there by beds of luxuriant tropical plants, would be strikingly beautiful with proper care and attention. But the Congo Free State, like most of the world, is suffering from poverty since the war. Trade is prostrate, and there is no money except for what is indispensable.

An *askari* company marches past in quickstep, with a blare of trumpets. The men are excellently trained. The white officers march beside them with drawn swords. Evidently the Belgians keep their colored troops well in hand and maintain stern discipline. But unfortunately only in the army. Old residents complain bitterly that the blacks are fast growing indifferent, indolent, disobedient, and rebellious, and attribute this to the blundering of inexperienced officials, who know nothing either of the country or of the people with whom they have to

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deal. But that is general throughout Africa.

It is not pleasant to lie at anchor in the Congo, for its valley is like a steam oven between its high, sun-baked banks, and its waters are positively warm after their three-thousand-mile journey through the heart of Africa. Even with a fan going it is impossible to sleep until just before morning, when there is a brief period of 'chill,' during which the thermometer falls to 80° or 90°.

After several oppressive sleepless nights, tied up at the Boma wharf, we continue our course upstream. A new pilot is on the bridge, for the channel is treacherous and ceaselessly changing. Our pilot is kept informed by wireless of the condition of the river above. The hills on both sides grow higher. Nothing but grassland broken by isolated trees is visible. Little by little the shores draw nearer. Although there is a new view at every bend, the total effect is monotonous. A leaden but majestic silence weighs on the landscape. Signs of habitation are rare; it is lonelier here than at sea. The hills exhibit no hint of life, no grazing flocks, no game. At rare intervals we meet a vessel coming down, but it passes us a hundred yards or more away, moving as noiselessly through the brown water as a phantom ship.

Toward evening we anchor before Noqui, a little Portuguese settlement on the left bank. It is picturesquely situated on successive terraces, and its brightly painted cottages and warehouses produce an unusually cheerful effect after the monotonous and lifeless shores we have seen all day. A once famous caravan route from San Salvador strikes the river at Noqui, which in olden times tapped the rich silver mines of Pembe. There lay the largest and wealthiest Negro kingdom of the Congo Valley, which the Portuguese discovered in 1484, and promptly subdued and converted. Within a short time a hundred churches and cathedrals sprang from the hot Afric soil like quick-growing tropical plants, for the native monarch made all his subjects Christians overnight. The Portuguese made the native chieftains dukes and counts, and treated the new provinces in every respect as equal to their European territories.

But this golden age lasted less than two centuries. Then the wild *Giaghi* broke into the country and extinguished in one bloody foray both Christianity and European civilization. The fragile tropical empire collapsed like a house of cards. It was as if a devastating Congo flood had swept over the land, wiping out Christianity, prosperity, and wealth, and leaving only a wreckage of poverty and slavery behind. The mines were neglected and soon after 1668 the blooming capital of San Salvador relapsed into ruins. For more than a century no European was permitted to enter the country. All memory of its former civilization vanished, replaced by bitter hatred of the whites. It was not until 1857 that a German explorer, Bastian, after a laborious and tiresome march, reached the site of San Salvador, and brought back our first modern knowledge of the almost mythical Congo State and its silver mines.

Even to-day Portuguese rule exists only on paper. Native revolts and internecine feuds ravage all the Congo country under her flag, and over vast territories the authorities exercise only nominal control.

Just below Boma, on the Portuguese side of the Congo, is a natural stronghold called Fetich Rock. During the World War a Portuguese askari company garrisoned the place. A little settlement of black and white traders lived under their protection, dealing in the copal gums found in the neighborhood. Suddenly the medicine men pro-

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claimed copal taboo, and forbade the natives to deliver it to the whites. This led to a controversy and one night the natives attacked the station in force. The poorly disciplined askari went over to the assailants, and the traders were massacred. Only a single white man, fatally wounded, succeeded in getting to a canoe that drifted with its dying occupant to the Belgian shore. The Portuguese eventually recovered the post at Fetich Rock after a tedious campaign, but the memory of the incident still agitates the native tribes.

Noqui is now a dead town. Recruiting coolies for the plantations has been forbidden, and since this profitable old-time traffic ceased all other trade has languished. Present prices of country produce do not pay for the high cost of carriers, since it is brought for weeks' journeys on the heads of men — and men cost much more than formerly.

At dawn — for the steamers do not run at night — we resume our course up the river. A little above Noqui stand the huge tanks of an American petroleum company, fed by a pipe line running 250 miles into the interior. The enterprise does not pay at present, but the Americans have time. If not to-day, then to-morrow — and possession is nine points of the law.

We reach the last great bend and plunge into the spinning whirlpools of the Devil's Cauldron. Here the water, crowded into a narrow channel by high banks, writhes and twists in every direction. During the rainy season a steamer capable of eleven knots an hour can make no headway against the current. We advance very slowly, until a cluster of houses appears ahead in a river bend; and an hour more brings us to the long iron pier of the principal town in this valley, Matadi, at the head of ocean navigation.

Here all is life and bustle. Locomotives are hissing and freight cars are rumbling back and forth along the heavy pier, where ocean vessels are moored in a long line. Practically all the commerce of the great Congo empire passes through this point. Above Matadi the rapids begin and continue to Stanley Pool, where navigation by water is resumed.

Matadi consists first of a line of quays and warehouses on the river bank, then a railway yard crowded close under the hills, and beyond, steep streets climbing the abrupt ascent behind. There are very few vehicles. Most of the town lies on a terrace above the harbor and the railway, where the slope is more gradual, halfway up the mountain. Here the administration buildings and the better private residences are clustered.

Matadi is a larger, busier, and more wide-awake place than Boma. It is a meeting-place for trains and passengers from the interior, and ships and passengers from Europe. Its two big hotels and smaller taverns are always crowded. Every evening one witnesses on the terrace of the A. B. C. Hotel glad reunions of old friends who have not met for months or years.

Matadi! What that word means for the white men exiled to lonely stations deep in the virgin forests of the Congo! A European can have no conception of such an experience. There one feels loneliness beyond imagination. The charm of novelty, the marvel of the new and strange environment, has long since vanished. One's head rings constantly with quinine, and leaden weights seem to hang on his limbs and eyelids. Every day is a monotonous repetition of its predecessor. Feverish hallucinations haunt the mind. Even though he has companions, he soon learns every story, every gesture, every little habit of his associates, until they rasp his irritated nerves like files. Is it strange that under such conditions men take to

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alcohol for relief — that they fall victims to strange illusions and blood lusts? Macabre visions dance before their eyes. At night the staccato droning of the native dance-drums throbs monotonously through the darkness, and the metallic singing of the mosquitoes never stops.

A boy noiselessly brings a new bottle of whiskey. Three months until the next furlough. Your mind dwells on every little detail of the coming long trip down the river, the chanting of the Negro paddlers and the rhythmic splash of the paddles in the water. How wonderfully attractive each new stopping-place on the outbound journey, with its familiar faces! How exultantly you hear the envious sighs of those who cannot accompany you! How voluble you are in recounting your station experiences to their appreciative ears!

At length you emerge from the silent depths of the overhanging forest to the mighty Congo. There lies the steamer for Kinshassa, the first breath of Europe. What a glorious vessel! You cannot understand why the officers, with their fever-flushed cheeks and eyes, who curse the Congo, the virgin forest, their Negro crews, and even their white passengers, are not as happy as you are.

Kinshassa at last! What life, what elegance! A regular orchestra, ice — it is all incredibly fine! The locomotive whistles, you sit in a real railway-train, radiant with happiness, as talkative as a schoolboy released for vacation. The humming in your head has ceased. You suddenly discover with pride that you are a veteran Afrikander.

At last Matadi, the dream of so many feverish and wakeful nights, the jumping-off place for Europe! Matadi, where you board the steamer that will take you home. The boys of the A. B. C. are on the railway platform shouting the name of their hotel. Then the great magnificent building, the view over the harbor, the first feeling of real civilization. Below lies your big white steamer. To-morrow, or the day after to-morrow, you are off to Europe.

The Congo glows like gold in the rays of the setting sun. The orchestra is playing modern airs. What does the world cost? Your letter of credit crackles in your pocket — the price of Europe! Indians and the Levantines in their tiny booths smile ingratiatingly and tender wonderful gifts for you to take home from Africa — made in Germany or Japan.

The morning arrives. On board at last. I never saw such radiant faces elsewhere in my life, such pleasure-greedy eyes, as I have seen on these departing ships. At last the dream comes true — going home!

Then — after four, perhaps eight, weeks in Europe — first restlessness, then dissatisfaction with this and that, visions of the primeval forest constantly intruding themselves into your mental vision, increasing uneasiness. Your descriptions of the beauties of Africa to your friends grow more glowing and enthusiastic: 'Man, you've no conception of how beautiful it is there!' (Moreover, your letter of credit is running out.)

So your Afrikander is happy again when he finds himself on the steamer sailing southward. He hails old acquaintances. Matadi, a hasty exchange of farewells with fellow passengers and local acquaintances, a quiet railway-journey, weeks of trekking or canoe travel, short pauses at the various stations where he relates with many variations and new details all he has seen in Europe. Then he slips back into his job, into the life of the deep, unfathomable, primitive forest.

'Happiness is always somewhere else.' What European really understands that? What Afrikander does

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not understand it from the bottom of his heart?

The regular passenger-train leaves Matadi at six in the morning. For a time the road hugs the Congo. Blue mists hang over the river; the mountains in the east begin to glow. The heavy waters glide past like molten lead. A Negro, wrapped in a woolen blanket, sleepy and shivering, creeps along the railway embankment toward the town.

A sharp curve and the Congo disappears. We now plunge into a wild, precipitous cañon, by the side of a white, foaming stream that rushes madly forward as if impatient to join the great river below. The road is cut in the face of a precipice which rises abruptly on the right, while the cañon yawns beneath.

We round many curves, cross bridges, thread tunnels, the locomotive puffing and tugging up the steep grade. Every few kilometres we pass a little station. The line is single track, and many sidings are necessary in order that passenger trains may keep their schedules despite the heavy freight-traffic. The locomotive-drivers are without exception Negroes, even on passenger trains; but there are few accidents. To be sure, the trains run only in the daytime, even the freight trains tying up at night.

For hours we continue upgrade, now on the left and now on the right side of the cañon. At intervals we cross a side gulch that affords a glimpse up some tributary valley into tropical forest — a dense entanglement of trees, lianas, and creeping plants. Elsewhere all we see is brownish coarse prairie grass and the solitary baobabs.

At midday the train reaches the high interior plateau, where it is delightfully cool and the air is pure and clear. From there the road runs northeast through rolling prairie. We occasionally pass a village with cultivated fields, or a group of farm buildings. Few people are to be seen, and little game, although buffalo and several species of antelope are said to abound in this territory. Late in the afternoon a great factory looms up ahead of us, the cement works of Tumba.

After fourteen hours' railway journey, a bright glow of arc lights breaks the darkness ahead: Thysville. The train rattles through a great railway yard and finally halts at a station. Black boys in neat uniforms run along the train, calling the names of different hotels. The station itself is as light as day, and might be in Central Europe. All the trains both ways between Matadi and Stanley Pool stop here overnight. This makes fine business for the tavern-keepers. The A. B. C. Hotel has a big branch here, which is brilliant with electric light; and there are a number of minor establishments with clean rooms and excellent table.

I start on my return trip in the mists of the early morning. The journey down is more interesting even than the journey up, for it affords a succession of wonderful views over the rugged mountainous country ahead. At length I discover a broad silver ribbon in the depths far below, which appears for but a moment and then vanishes behind a range of mountains — the Congo.

After it had become quite dark, a light suddenly flared far above us, where the last twilight still lingered on the loftier peaks. It began with a tiny flicker, which speedily leaped up and ran along the distant declivities in a thin wall of flame. A wild and glorious sight! It wound like a serpent of fire through chasms and across precipices as far as the eye could reach. The natives were burning the prairie to drive the game into their traps. Sometimes the flames died down for a mo-

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ment, as if nestling against the slopes and hollows, only to spring up again wilder than ever, grasping eagerly toward spaces still out of reach. A weird and wonderful spectacle!

The building of this road was a great engineering feat. There were unexampled difficulties to overcome, for it is quite a different thing to build a mountain line in Africa from what it is in Europe. Shiploads of coolies were brought from Asia to do the grading. They were not accustomed to the climate and died of fever and other tropical diseases like flies. The familiar saying that a corpse lies under every crosstie has a gruesome element of truth. So numerous were the deaths that the coolies rioted because they thought the corpses would not be carried home to their native country, as was stipulated in their contracts. But at length the work was done, and now we ride in comfort through what was but recently a trackless wilderness.

Our last day in Matadi. A big beautiful Belgian steamer, the Thysville, is moored next to us. Crowds of people going to and coming from furloughs throng its decks. Thirty-six thousand kilos of ivory lie on the wharf. The weight and the owner's mark are painted in black and red upon each huge tusk. This is 'tax ivory' from the inland chiefs. Most of it is already at least ten years old, exhumed from the buried stores that the black kinglets have hidden away in the depths of the forest. Only they and their medicine men know where these treasures lie. These are wonderful tusks — many weigh nearly two hundred pounds.

At dawn we cast loose and turn into the stream. The dour Congo mountains glow red and violet in the first rays of the rising sun. The water gurgles along the vessel's sides. One more hot night in Boma and we are again on the open sea, cutting our way through floating islands of grass, with the last palms of Cape Padras waving faint farewells from the receding horizon.

OMSK UNDER KOLCHAK. II

BY GEORGES DUBARBIER

From *La Nouvelle Revue, June* 15
(Paris Republican Literary and Political Semimonthly)

With the approach of spring General Janin, the Chief of our Mission, decided to visit Tomsk, in response to an invitation from certain old comrades of his, former professors at the Military Academy in Petrograd; and I was detailed to accompany the General on this trip.

We reached Tomsk after three days' travel, where we found a Russian regiment with its military band drawn up before the station to receive us. I observed at once a little, short-legged, red-faced man in gold-rimmed glasses bustling about in great excitement. When the troops marched past he ran along the column shouting orders, cursing the men, rectifying their alignment with his sabre — returning occasionally to his original position, only to quit it

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again a moment later to plunge again into the ranks of passing soldiers. I asked who this irascible adjutant was, and learned that he was the Commander-General of the city.

The snow had been shoveled off the streets, so that our automobiles passed down a white-walled avenue to the Military Club, where the Russians received us with a banquet. We had a delightful evening. The officers from Petrograd were highly pleased to have as their guest an old and popular comrade. They had donned their old uniforms in honor of the occasion, doubtless to remind them of the happy, opulent days before the war, which must have seemed very remote in their present precarious and comparatively indigent situation. White-haired old generals proudly wore insignia and cordons of the imperial régime. They were extremely well-bred, and possessed all the charm of old Russia, with its ancient customs, its peculiar attractiveness, its prejudices of race and caste, its privileges, and its anachronisms. The food was abundant and exquisite, and was served by uniformed waiters, who looked like gastronomic aids-de-camp. The procession of viands seemed interminable, and was only interrupted by an equally varied and abundant supply of beverages.

At length the 'hurrah' hour came. The toastmaster rose and addressed a few words to the General, ending with a hurrah. This was repeated by all the others present, and they emptied their glasses at a single draft with the precision of a military movement. This was the signal for one of those evolutions which our *Manual of Tactics* calls 'General Exercises.' From every direction people began to drink each other's health, tossing down glass after glass of vodka with increasingly casual attention to the person in whose honor it was drunk. The gentleman next to me, an agreeable fellow who seemed to excel at this sport, abruptly asked me, with an air of intense interest: 'In what regiment did you serve during the war?'

'The Nième Regiment.'

'A hurrah for the Nième Regiment, gentlemen!'

Immediately every elbow was lifted in unison, and the now familiar evolution was performed again. This went on until so many people known and unknown, so many concrete things and abstract ideas, had received their christening of vodka that I began to think that if toasts could bring it the millennium would soon be here.

One can imagine how the banquet ended after these gymnastics of the lifted elbow and thrown-back head had continued for an hour or two. An orchestra played in a neighboring room, but the musicians, catching the contagion of the occasion, deserted their instruments so often to refresh themselves that the Marseillaise with which they honored our departure staggered and stumbled as badly as the convivial guests.

Next day was Sunday. We attended the Military Academy chapel, where we stood erect for nearly three hours during an imposing and elaborate Orthodox service, before the officiating archbishop finally withdrew. The responses were chanted alternately by choirs of young soldiers and of young women, whose beautiful voices and perfect training did much to relieve the tedium of this long rite.

A farewell reception was given us on the evening of our departure by the General Staff of the Military Academy. It was both a society and a scientific affair, if I may venture to apply both expressions to a single function — a society event because beautifully gowned ladies attended in great numbers, and scientific because a young

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professor of the Academy delivered a highly technical lecture on the manœuvres at the Battle of the Masuren Lakes. The brilliantly lighted hall, filled with elegantly dressed and bejeweled ladies and brightly uninformed officers with glittering swords and sparkling military orders, made a strange picture for a foreign observer in the Siberia of that day. I overheard little snatches of conversation about Madame X's last tea, the next day's reception — suggesting that the Masuren Lakes were remote indeed from the minds of many of those present.

In fact, at Tomsk we found the same insouciance that reigned in Omsk, Irkutsk, and other places; but here it had a scientific veneer. To be sure, officers were being educated and trained for Kolchak's army. Sometime — as late as possible — they would proceed to their posts at the front. But the army people occupied themselves mainly with sterile criticisms of past manœuvres. They talked at the Military Academy as incessantly as they talked at Admiral Kolchak's headquarters, and at his Cabinet meetings. It was a government of tireless and sonorous talkers, both civilian and military.

After three days at the intellectual capital of Siberia, we started on our return journey. At Novo-Nikolaevsk we stopped a day to inspect the Polish contingent. From this point on the country suddenly assumed a new aspect. It was as if an invisible sponge had been wiped across a white-chalked blackboard. In place of the immaculate blanket of snow that had concealed the crudeness and roughness of the Siberian landscape, we were now to see this rude land in its naked ugliness.

It saddened us both to watch the beautiful ermine mantle waste away as we approached Omsk. The Siberian landscape of picture and romance was vanishing. We were now to make the acquaintance of a Siberia as yet unknown and unsuspected.

At Omsk the thaw was at its height. The roofs and walls of the buildings seemed to be liquefying. Everywhere running water was coursing under the pitiless beams of a blazing spring sun. The white that had given the city its deceptive aspect of purity and propriety was suddenly converted into mud. Streets sank to their actual level, and the lamentable ruts and gaps in the pavements and sidewalks were pitilessly bared to view. Hackmen cursed and lashed their horses in a vain effort to get them to drag sledges which would no longer glide, but which persisted in plunging up to the boxes in the mire. Automobiles crept hither and thither, their wheels garlanded with chains. Antediluvian vehicles began to appear. We now saw for the first time the tarantas of the peasants. They are great wickerwork baskets, longer than they are wide, swung on two still longer poles for springs. These four-wheeled conveyances have no seats — one merely lies down in the bottom of the basket. As the spring advanced, Buriats began to come into town in these vehicles drawn by camels, looking for all the world like a new variety of circus clowns as they drove deliberately down the avenues.

But the rivers did not break up immediately. They preserved their midwinter aspect in the midst of the general thaw. The shapeless masses along the banks of the Om little by little took on the guise of steamers and other boats. They were cleaned and prepared for service, but remained frozen fast. Every evening the people went down to the banks of the Irtysh to see the ice go out. That is the great sight of the season here.

Finally one afternoon this great event took place. I say 'great event'

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advisedly, for to us who knew Siberia only in its winter livery a river in flood was a marvelous sight. As soon as the news was known, everybody hastened to the banks. For some time we could hear a dull roaring sound, presaging the coming break-up. Just before sundown the huge field of ice suddenly crackled, broke, and began to move. It was the last act of the Siberian winter. The river emerged from a thousand apertures like some mysterious subterranean monster, thrust aside its encumbrances, tossed them hither and thither, spun them round and round, and drew them down into its depths.

Almost overnight we were in the midst of summer. Spring's coy advances are unknown in Siberia. The landscape makes a lightning change from white to green. Suddenly the fields, the hedges, the trees, were garbed in verdure. It was as if a giant had passed a magic paint-brush over the whole country.

The city authorities, not to be outdone by nature, had all the benches along the boulevards and the fences of the public gardens painted green by Austrian and German war prisoners.

The ground dried quickly under the beams of an implacable sun — and soon clouds of impalpable dust rose with every wind from the unpaved roads, penetrated the interior of the houses, and even passed through one's clothing. Some days these dust clouds made a reddish halo over the city, and it was necessary to protect the eyes with close-fitting goggles.

About this time we woke up one morning and discovered the city to all appearances occupied in force by a British army. On every hand we saw soldiers in khaki uniforms and British helmets marching in columns through the streets, or walking in groups along the sidewalks. We learned before breakfast was over the explanation of this mystery. During the previous night the English Mission had issued new uniforms and equipment to a number of Russian regiments — a clever stroke of propaganda. The people were all talking of generous Albion, as if they had just discovered a fairy godmother. But there was a fly in the ointment, for a few days later the new regiments were sent to the front, and either because they did not want to soil their new clothes or for some other reason they promptly deserted en masse to the Bolsheviki. Trotskii even broadcasted a facetious wireless-message, formally thanking General Knox, the head of the British Mission, as 'General Purveyor to the Troops of the Soviet Republic.'

With the arrival of warm weather Omsk society deserted its smoky drawing-rooms for the open air. The recently crowded premises of the Rossia, the Europa, and the Apollo restaurants were deserted. The new rendezvous of the gentlemen of the General's staff and of the young ladies of society was the gardens of the 'Aquarium,' near the centre of the city on the banks of the Om. Every evening found this oasis crowded — 'oasis' seems not too flattering a word, for this little park, with its prematurely brown lawn and its scattered, anæmic trees, was at least a refuge from the blinding dust. Tables were set in the open air, and people dined to the sound of music with the same noisy gayety they exhibited during the winter in the overheated restaurants. There were the same servants, the same carefree unconcern, the same *nichevo*, despising trifles like changes of temperature, and the same orchestra alternating waltzes and staccato galops. Once or twice each evening a cornetist would take up his position in a distant thicket, and from his isolated post he would favor

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the company with a plaintive solo, to which the remainder of the orchestra would respond with thundering choruses from the bandstand. Such numbers were invariably a success.

The second great attraction of the summer season was the arrival and departure of the steamboats which plied regularly up the large rivers, connecting Omsk with important interior towns virtually isolated during the winter, like Tobolsk in the North and Semipalatinsk in the South. The long river-trips make it necessary for the steamers to furnish many comforts and luxuries for their passengers. Several of these boats are really small editions of ocean-going packets, with luxurious cabins and dining-rooms. During their stay at Omsk they become floating restaurants, where many of the townspeople resort to dine and for evening entertainment. There we escaped from the omnipresent dust, and were sure to find immaculate linen, impeccable china, and the tidiness of a well-husbanded ship. Somebody would play the piano, and after dinner we would promenade up and down the decks, watching the sunset.

In these altitudes the summer twilight is very long — indeed it continues almost until the first glow of dawn. During this interval the heavens change color like the silken fabric of some huge magic tent, their glow melting into the haze of distant steppe and river in a sparkling mirage of gold, purple, and ruby tints. Toward midnight this riot of rich color subsides into a uniform mauve tint; but almost immediately the sun takes its revenge for its momentary extinction by emerging victoriously from the translucent purple veil of the east, and all the gorgeousness of the scarcely extinguished sunset is repeated in the approaching dawn.

MEN AND BEASTS AT WEMBLEY

BY BROR CENTERWALL

[*The author is a theatrical chronicler, whose account of his experience in an aviation accident between Paris and London was published in the* Living Age *of November* 17, 1923. *Einar Nerman is a Swedish illustrator who draws the weekly cartoons for the London* Tatler.]

From *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning, June* 14
(Swedish Liberal Daily)

Exotica is a large and rich country. Trips to it are both troublesome and expensive, and only a few can hope to see its wonderlands. But this summer a person can make a little tour of the world and have his fill of exoticism at Wembley.

It is best to start with a lunch in the South African Pullman diner, where you pull down the curtains to keep out the sun and chat with the lady opposite about how smoothly the train runs. By the time coffee has been served, you have reached your destination.

'Transvaal, twenty minutes' stop.'

An ostrich farm is located close to the station, where the proud birds are strutting around in the sunshine.

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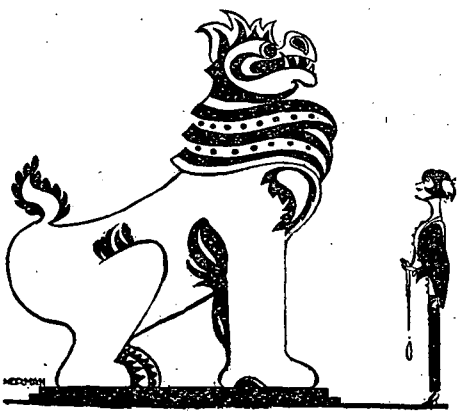
Naturally the ladies are interested mainly in the plumes rather than in the birds themselves; for since the Queen ordered an evening wrap of ostrich feathers — in order to encourage South African industry — every feminine visitor to London is dreaming of a similar garment. But the young lady with whom I was talking, after inquiring the price, — and sitting down a moment afterward to recover her breath, — remarked, with a grimace of irritation, — I imagine much the expression the fox wore when he discovered he could not reach the grapes, — 'I don't care about the Transvaal!'

Temple bells are ringing in Burma and an alabaster Buddha is waiting for us in his sanctuary. If he cannot make us forget that we are still in the Western world, a clay-hut village in Nigeria, or an Indian pagoda, stands close by to assist the illusion. For anything is possible in Exotica, and we have the whole world to look at if we like. For example, here is a business street in Hongkong thronged with tourists who, according to a man who has been there, faithfully reproduce the scene when a shipload of newcomers storms the shops of Britain's great China port. We prudently make way for an elephant on his way to drink in the pool before the royal palace of Burma.



The Flapper and the China Lion

Half-suffocated by the heat ourselves, we find it hard to understand the chills of the black Gold Coast natives, who shiver in the hot sunshine despite their thick woolen sweaters. The Newfoundland dogs show their conservative tastes by howling lugubriously at a modern jazz-band. We pause to admire a group of Hindu magicians performing fairy-tale tricks, laugh at the grotesque gestures of a troupe of Tibetan dancers, and move on, for this is Exotica, and we may not tarry long.

Strains of queer music that I cannot describe have called us away from Burma to a place where a dance is about to begin. The musicians have already assembled on a little stage. A drummer sits in a small cage surrounded by about thirty drums. His body sways, his voice quavers, and he pats his drums with loving hands — quite as if enraptured with his music. Next to him squats a serious-looking fellow, surrounded by a complete circle of gongs of various sizes. A pair of wind instruments completes the orchestra. The drums and the gongs set the key and the melody has a primitive appeal — sounding sometimes like the roar of lions and other times like the screech of parrots. A male dancer opens the programme. His name is Mr. Ba Hta, which is supposed to mean 'Handsome Man,' and probably he is considered good-looking in his own country. The names of his female companions would in translation run like this: 'Little Coconut Grove,' 'Million Diamonds,' 'Forest Glade.'

I have never seen more original or strange dancing since I witnessed the famous ballet of the venerable King Sisowath of Cambodia, at its first and only Occidental performance in Paris. The Burmese artists have much in common with the famous temple-dancers of Angkor. Like them they

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make much use of arm movements, and gestures play an important part in their performance. But they surely have not had the same lifelong training as the royal dancers of Cambodia, who were turned over to the monarch as small children in order that their arms and hands might be trained while their joints were still pliant and supple. Indeed, the movements of the Cambodian temple-dancers still retained something childish and appealing, presumably from their very early training, which the Burmese artists lack. The latter seem slightly sophisticated — dare I speak of primitive superculture? Ba Hta is as roguish as a rococo mandarin, and the little dancing girls who accompany him are laced in a special costume which makes their chests flat and gives an exaggerated curvature to their hips. Their round faces are powdered white, their thick lips are painted red, and some of them wear modern wrist-watches and rings.

Besides the dancers, there is an expert in the national game called *chinlon*, who does astonishing tricks with his bamboo balls. Every afternoon a couple of Burmese boys play this game in front of the Burma pavilion, and I should not be surprised if it became popular in Europe. A full set requires half-a-dozen players to stand in a circle and pass the ball from one to another. It must never touch the ground, nor be touched by the hands, but is batted with the head, knees, or feet. The bamboo balls, which look like diminutive footballs, have had a tremendous sale, and it won't be long before English lads are knocking them about on the Hyde Park lawns.

In India a man can bewitch away his wife, if he gets tired of her, by putting her in a basket and saying something that sounds like 'Poo-wah.' But if he wants her back all he has to do is to spread a silk cloth over the basket, repeat a mystic formula, and there she is again.

Ship me somewhere east of Suez!

Then there are snake-charmers who play with their wriggling reptiles, and the Tibetan dancers I have mentioned, with their fantastic masks — besides beautiful, dark-skinned women, and all the glitter of the Arabian Nights.

'Beautiful, dark-skinned women'

The Gold Coast is more prosaic. The only decorative things about the mud-hut village are the gigantic warriors in blue uniforms. The king's daughters make clay pottery, and men of noble lineage weave native fabrics or

'The king's daughters make clay pottery'

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polish weapons. The encroachments of culture are indicated by the fact that the gentlemen are wearing knickerbockers, half hose, and garters. If one visits them accompanied by a blond Eve, they at once drop their work and begin to make eyes at her. Even reformed cannibals have a taste for delicacies.

In Exotica you dine at Hongkong on swallow-nest soup and shark fins. You eat at ebony tables with a mirror inlaid in the top, so that your better half can doll up while she dines. The waiters are Chinese 'boys' wearing silk pyjamas, who glide about in silent felt slippers, while you listen to a Chinese orchestra. Naturally you eat your noodles with chopsticks, even though you handle them as awkwardly as if they were drumsticks. Above all, you must pretend to feel at home, albeit like an English versifier you may long for a square meal and sigh, —

Birds in their little nests agree
With Chinamen but not with me.

The 'boys' light gorgeous Chinese paper lanterns, the moon rises, I imagine I see glowworms in the gathering dusk and feel that Exotica is fast making me its own.

AN ARTIST'S CAREER

BY ANDRÉ MAUROIS

[*M. Émile Herzog, who writes under the pen name of André Maurois, is best known in the United States for his imaginative Life of Shelley, recently translated, which he entitled* Ariel. *He achieved his first reputation with* Les Silences du Colonel Bramble.]

From *Neue Freie Presse, June* 11
(Vienna Liberal Daily)

Pierre Douche, the painter, was just finishing a still life — flowers in a measuring glass, apples on a plate — when the novelist, Paul Émile Glaise, entered the atelier.

Glaise looked at his friend, who was still busy with his work, for some moments, and then, in a tone of decision, said, 'No.'

The man whom he addressed raised his head in astonishment. He had just begun to peel an apple and was still preoccupied with the task.

'No!' said Glaise again, still more decisively. 'You will never make a success. You have technique, you have talent, you are honest. But your style is too normal, my dear fellow — you

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don't surprise people, you don't disturb them. There is nothing in your work that would make a sleepy visitor pause before your picture in an exhibition of five thousand others. No, Pierre Douche, you will never make a career. Too bad, too bad.'

'Why not?' inquired the honest Pierre Douche with a sigh. 'I reproduce my impressions simply in colors. That is my whole ambition.'

'But you forget one trivial little fact, my dear fellow. You have a wife and a child — no, three children! A litre of milk costs eighteen sous these days and eggs are a franc a piece. Very well! And at this very moment there are more paintings on the market than there are people to buy them, and among the public there are more fools than connoisseurs. What is the moral of that, Pierre Douche? How can a man emerge from the host of the nameless?'

'Through his work.'

'Do be serious. There is only one way, Pierre Douche, to make the fools pay attention to you. You must make a spectacle of yourself. Give out that you are going to the North Pole to paint there. Wear an Egyptian Pharaoh's cloak the next time you go for a walk on the boulevards. Found a school. Scatter high-sounding phrases, talk about earth tones or dynamism, write a manifesto, disavow movement, or eschew rest. Refuse to use white or get along without black. Abandon right angles or give up circles. Found a school of new Homeric painting which uses only red and yellow. Discover cylindrical painting, or eight-surface painting, or four-dimensional painting.'

'How would I ever have the nerve?'

At this moment the fragrance of a peculiar sweet perfume announced the coming of a visitor. It was Madame Kosnevska, a beautiful Polish actress whose loveliness Pierre Douche admired. The revue in which she appeared swarmed with masterpieces by three-year-old children, so naturally she scarcely knew Douche's name and had little respect for his art. Installing herself upon a divan, she regarded the new canvas, and shook her blond locks as her lips parted in a rather scornful smile.

'Yesterday,' she remarked in her characteristic singsong tones, 'yesterday I was at the exhibition of the latest Negro art, which people are making such a noise about. Oh, what sensitiveness, what modeling, what strength!'

The painter hauled out of one corner a painting of which he was rather proud, and placed it on the easel before his visitor.

'Very nice,' said she condescendingly. And with these words the lovely lady disappeared, together with her fragrance and her singsong tones. Pierre Douche threw his palette on the floor and sank on the divan.

'I 'll be a building inspector,' he said, 'or a policeman. Painting is the sorriest trade in the world. A success is managed by apes and achieves nothing but gold. And the critics? Instead of recognizing the masters, they laud the blockheads. I have enough of it — I 'm through.'

Paul Émile listened placidly, lighted a cigarette, and meditated.

'Would n't you like to teach the snobs and the fake artists a lesson they deserve? Are you actor enough to persuade the Kosnevska and some of the other æsthetes of the tribe that you have been getting ready an entirely new artistic method in the greatest secrecy for the last ten years?'

'I?' replied the honest Douche in amazement.

'Now listen. I will publish two full-fledged articles through which the world shall discover that you have founded the ideo-analytical school of

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painting. Until you appeared, the portrait-painters in their ignorance have been studying men's faces. What folly! Art has nothing to do with the visible man. All depends on the ideas that he wakes in us. The portrait of a colonel, for example: a blue-and-gold background surrounded by five gigantic galloons, with a horse in one corner, and medals in another corner. Do you know what you would be for the world, Pierre Douche, and can you provide me with about twenty such ideo-analytical portraits in a month?'

The painter laughed bitterly.

'It would take me about an hour, and the worst of it is that —'

'Well, let 's make the experiment. And if anybody asks you to explain the new method take your pipe out of your mouth, blow a puff of smoke in his face, and reply: "Have you ever really looked at a river?"'

'What will that mean?'

'Nothing,' replied Glaise; 'but people will like it very much, and when you have been discovered and are fairly launched and are celebrated, then you can make a good story of it and laugh at their stupefaction.'

The varnishing day of the great Douche exhibition two months later was a tremendous success. The beautiful Madame Kosnevska, with her singsong and her perfume, no longer avoided the new celebrity.

'Oh, what sensitiveness,' she would gush now, 'what modeling, what strength, what an artistic intellect, what vision! And how, *cher maître*, did you discover this amazing style?'

The painter paused solemnly a little while, blew a tobacco cloud from his pipe, and said: 'But, my dear lady, have you ever really looked at a river?'

The lips of the beautiful Pole wreathed themselves in smiles and made ready for imminent ecstasies in her gushing singsong. On the other side of the room the brilliant and handsome M. Levycœur, who stood, wearing a Bohemian-looking collar, amid a small group of artists, cried out: 'Very strong, very strong! I always insist that there is nothing weaker than painting from a model. But where, M. Douche, did you find your inspiration? In my articles?'

Pierre Douche paused a while, puffed a triumphant cloud of smoke in his face, and said: 'But really, Monsieur, have you ever looked at a river?'

'Amazing,' said the other, completely flabbergasted, 'amazing!'

At this moment a famous art-dealer, who had been inspecting the atelier, took the painter by the arm and drew him into a corner.

'My dear Douche,' said he, 'my dear fellow, you 're mighty sly. These things you 've done can really be launched — made fashionable, you know. I beg you to let me have anything you do in the future. Don't — don't change the direction in which you are working without telling me something about it previously. I 'll buy fifty paintings a year from you — is it agreed?'

Douche sank into mysterious silence and went on smoking without making an answer.

Slowly the atelier emptied until at last Paul Émile Glaise closed the door behind the last visitor. From the landing below murmurs of admiration still rose, until at length they became inaudible. Left alone with the painter, the novelist stuck his hands in his pockets and broke into fearful laughter. Douche looked at him in amazement.

'Now, my dear chap,' said Glaise, 'do you believe at last that we have made a good beginning? Did you hear what the little man with the pencil said? And did you hear what the beautiful Polish lady said, and the three pretty young girls who went around

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sighing all the time: "So new! So new!" Oh, Pierre Douche, I always said the stupidity of man was bottomless, but this is more than even I expected.'

An irresistible fit of laughter overcame him.

The painter wrinkled his brows and, as one burst of laughter followed another, said bluntly: 'Idiot! Idiot!'

'Idiot?' said the indignant novelist. 'This is the funniest story I ever heard.'

The painter cast a glance of pride on the row of twenty ideo-analytical pictures and said with the strength of conviction: 'Yes, Glaise, you are an idiot. There is really a good deal in this kind of painting after all.'

The novelist looked at his friend with amazed astonishment.

'That 's a good one,' he cried. 'For heaven's sake, Douche, remember who put you up to this new manner!'

Pierre Douche was silent for some time. Then he blew a great puff of smoke from his pipe.

'Have you ever really looked at a river?' said he.

THE FESTIVAL OF THE CROSS

BY FLORENTINO GOENAGA

[*The following sketch is from the second edition of a volume of this author's miscellanies, published at Bogotá in* 1915, *under the title,* Papeles Recogidos.]

Our cold and stormy spring has carried off a number of estimable and simple villagers, who now sleep their long sleep in our modest cemetery. So, with the arrival of May, more altars of the Cross than usual have been erected, and with them have appeared the customary games of chance and the romping, open-air dances with which our light-hearted countrymen celebrate their escape from the dread reaper's sickle.

The other night two friends and I, moved partly by curiosity and partly by a desire to revive the memory of days long past, set out to see how the people were diverting themselves on this classic occasion. It appears that the grim garnerer of lives has taken such a heavy toll this year in the Barrio Arriba that Calle Ancha and its vicinity are practically monopolizing the festival. Nowhere else did we see a cross where people had gathered for merrymaking and street dancing. The first we visited had been erected in a building still under construction. The dance here was lively and well attended, for thirty-six officials had contributed to its cost. I shall not violate candor by saying that the dancers were the *crème de la crème* of our provincial society, nor that one could honestly apply to them the words of the poet: —

Whiter than milk and fairer
Than an April meadow filled with flowers;

but I must confess that both the men and the women lived up to the spirit of the occasion, and danced like innocent and naïve bacchantes. I saw an old and dignified contemporary of my own

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tripping the light fantastic toe like a boy of twenty, and read in his merry and carefree countenance that the season had brought no losses to his family circle — or, if so, none that was untimely, or more than a mere dying-out of the light when the lamp's oil is exhausted.

From this point we turned our steps toward the left, following the lively notes of an accordion, a drum, and a *guacharaca*, to where several couples were dancing in a circle of brilliant moonlight as if possessed. The musicians were playing a *cumbiamba* melody so lively and so irresistible that it had enticed from the privacy of his home even old white-haired 'Pico de La Horqueta.' We noticed at most places visited this evening that the men were lively young laborers in the full vigor and buoyancy of youth, but the women were faded and prematurely aged, as if by long years of toil as laundresses, cooks, or itinerant vendors.

We strolled on to the lower end of Calle Ancha, to where a cross had been erected in a tiny house. The dance, or *pasillo*, was outside under the broad, sweeping branches of a beautiful ceiba tree. Two well-known local amateurs were playing the accordion, and in our humble opinion better playing of its kind could not be heard in any country. This *Cruz* was an exception in that there were many graceful young girls of fourteen or sixteen among the dancers. Their partners were talkative, agile young lads; and the complexion of all the participants was distinctly darker than at the previous places we had visited.

A bright-eyed girl, who was watching the proceedings with undisguised envy, shouted to a boy as he whirled past: 'Say, you'll see sometime that I'm no saddlebag.'

I imagined that this was an unkind thrust at the young fellow's partner. He turned quickly, just long enough to ask: 'Why don't you dance?'

'I am in mourning — that is to say, the family where I work is in mourning, and I can't.'

We entered the little house to look at the cross, which we were courteously invited to inspect. Heaven forbid that I should repay this kindness by unfriendly criticism, but I must confess that what pleased me most was the fruits heaped in front of the altar: ruby cherries, translucent yellow mangoes, ripe lady's-finger bananas, and coronetted pineapples, whose rich perfume filled the tiny room with a riot of spring fragrance.

As we strolled homeward through the tranquil moonlight, the last sound that reached our ears from the distant merriment was the vibrant, commanding voice of a jovial Negro woman, calling home her lingering spouse: —

'*Mira, Fulano, vamonó a dormí.*'

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ALBERT SCHWEITZER—MISSIONARY, MUSICIAN, PHYSICIAN

BY OSKAR PFISTER

[*Dr. Oskar Pfister is a pastor and seminar lecturer at Zurich. He is author of* The Psychoanalytical Method *and* Expressionism in Art. *His interest in psychoanalysis is occasionally apparent in the present article.*]

From the *Neue Zürcher Zeitung, April* 17 and 18
(Swiss Liberal Republican Daily)

Albert Schweitzer is like the rainbow, which gleams in every color and yet maintains a magnificently complete unity. No other living man has given significant literary expression to such a variety of talents.

As a theologian, Schweitzer raised a violent storm through his revolutionary work on the life of Jesus and his investigation of the life of Paul. When he attacked the Biblical studies of the moderates and conservatives as unsound, the spirit of David Friedrich Strauss seemed to have returned from the tomb to enter the brain of the young Strassburg professor. Many of his readers stormed against this arch-intellectualist, who seemed to place under a kind of soul-microscope every emotion that hindered his studies, until it vanished like a snowflake in a warm room, and in a moment something lovely and wonderful was gone, leaving nothing behind but a tiny drop of water. There was much respect for the knowledge and ability of the brilliant scholar, but little agreement with his ideas. When, as a philosopher, he turned to the field of Kant and appeared almost to have equaled the master in his uncompromising abstractness, he seemed to have fallen victim to the shackles of an intellectualism far withdrawn from life — seemed so, that is, until two volumes on the philosophy of suggestion proved the opposite.

If only because of his gifts as a musical historian Schweitzer, who had roused the admiration of musicians with his monumental work on J. S. Bach and his careful edition of Bach's fugues, and who had displayed the most delicate appreciative capacity in his book on French and German organ-making, could scarcely be regarded as a dull intellectualist. His first medical work, entitled *The Psychiatric Judgment of Jesus*, likewise made it apparent that keen critical thought was mingled in the author's soul with sensitive tenderness, and this impression was strengthened by another book which speedily became famous, *Between Water and Forest*, in which the ethnologist, the sociologist, the missionary, and the teacher of the people joined hands to create a work of the spirit.

It is evident that literary production represents only a part of Schweitzer's unique personality. Over and above the scholar and the artist stands the man himself, intensely alive and moved by high ideals. As a young man of thirty — already overwhelmed with scientific and artistic success — he was brought, through the reading of a pamphlet, to a lightning decision to study medicine; sacrificed his brilliant

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career in order to undergo the most thorough preparation for medicine; gave up all his artistic collections; and set out as a medical missionary to the black natives of the Ogowe. Here he worked through days of flaming heat, in a corrugated-iron shed which, with playful precision, he had placed directly upon the equator, occupied from morning to night with operations and the other duties of a physician. In the evening he would open the sheet-iron case which protected his beloved organ from the white ants, and refresh himself with music or else would fall to work writing his studies in the history of civilization. He took no payment from the colored people, but pledged each man he cured to bring other sick men to him, and so formed 'a brotherhood of suffering.'

Forced out of his field of labor by the war, he seasoned his long captivity by committing to memory Bach's works for the organ, drumming with agile fingers on a table and with his feet on the floor to heighten the illusion. At the conclusion of the war his lectures on mission work and the organ won him new triumphs, but as soon as he had collected sufficient money he turned back to his African forest. To-day, at forty-nine, he is journeying again to Africa in the hope that for some years to come he will retain the health necessary for his arduous toil. To material possessions he is quite indifferent. His highest hope is that in his old age he may work and die as organist in some little Alsatian community.

The process of such a man's development is a fascinating study. Not merely Schweitzer's friends and personal admirers, but all who take an interest in the development of a high type of manhood, will rejoice in the appearance of a little autobiographical work that issued a few days ago from the press of the *Evangelische Gesellschaft* and is presently to appear in a Swiss edition under the auspices of Paul Haupt in Bern. It is called *Aus meiner Kindheit und Jugendheit*, and displays to the full its author's masterly talent as an author. The story of how the book came to be written is quickly summarized. In the summer of 1922, I asked my friend Schweitzer to provide me with biographic material for a juvenile edition of his book, *Between Water and Forest*. In two half-days he told me the story of his life — a magnificent improvisation which stirred so many memories in the narrator that he began to desire this material for a book of his own. In the *Elsass-Lothringisches Familienkalender* for 1924 there appeared a brief extract which the present book completes. On February 11, when he started again for Africa, the author sent to me, as the inspirer of his little work, the first copy.

It is a work of great value that he has given us, plain, simple, and adorned with droll humor, in spite of the deep feeling with which it is written. The first part of his memoirs — in contrast with the concluding portion, which was added later — shows that they were intended for juvenile readers. Schweitzer has kept the child's heart in the best sense. Many of his scenes have a contrasting touch of tragedy — as for example the discomfiture of the good mother who had dressed up her thin, yellowish little child for the benefit of a pastor's wife, although the latter, with the best will in the world, could not stammer out so much as a single compliment, so that the crestfallen mother rushed into her bedroom and burst into bitter tears. There is also the story of an unfortunate pair of breeches which almost caused the little chap to fail in a final examination. The poor boy had to make his appearance before the dreaded board of

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examiners in borrowed nether garments which were much too short and elicited such a burst of laughter from his companions that it was heard within the examination room, to the immense indignation of the very strict *Oberschulrat*, who poured out his fury on the supposed jester. The Oberschulrat was equally furious at a supposed lack of knowledge: none of the candidates could describe the catalogue of the ships in Homer with sufficient accuracy.

For the most part, a drop of melancholy is mingled with the humor, as for example the little boy's misadventure with a bee which stung him and sent him crying to his mother, who comforted him so tenderly that his tears went on running long after the pain had disappeared. On account of this misfortune, and his mother's coddling of a pain that he did not really feel, the boy was miserable all day long.

From a psychological standpoint it is very interesting to observe how his whole later development was conditioned and anticipated from his earliest childhood. The sympathy with animals, to which Schweitzer gives a large place both in his ethical system and in his life, found expression in a touching experience with a companion who loved to hunt and whom the boy in his loneliness would have been glad to have as a friend. Early one Sunday morning they met in a field where they were to kill song birds with a sling. At the first sound of the church bells, however, he frightened the beloved little creatures away and fled back to his loneliness, the better for having overcome his fear of other men.

His sympathy with human beings was roused by a despised Jew who used to make his way through the village with a donkey cart, tormented by the children, but answering their hoots with a good-natured smile. 'This smile overcame me,' says Schweitzer. 'From that Jew I learned for the first time what it means to accept persecution silently. He became a great teacher to me.' We may also hear how his social conscience awoke. One day in a fight Schweitzer knocked down a bigger and stronger boy; but, as he lay on the ground, the enemy shouted: 'If I had meat soup to eat twice a week like you, I 'd be as strong as you!' From that time on meat soup disgusted Schweitzer.

The desire for social service was wakened through memories of an uncle for whom Albert was named, who during the siege of Paris used to bring his slender ration of milk every morning to a poor old woman. Perhaps, too, it is not without significance that this man, whose successor in the Saint Nikolai Church in Strassburg Schweitzer became, made his way to Paris shortly before the siege opened, to procure medicine, and was thus caught in the city. Even as early as this the social radicalism that constantly urged him to greater sacrifices was also showing itself in the boy. A few years later, one New Year's day when he was twenty-five, he gave up forever the habit of smoking, which had become a passion.

The artist in him showed itself even before his schooldays. As a little boy, he played polyphonic chorals out of his own head, for the benefit of his teacher, who could herself do no more than finger out a melody on the harmonium. As a boy of nine he was already an organist, but he was a poor music-student because he never wanted to practise, preferring simply to improvise like his father; and moreover he was afraid to betray his feelings to his teacher, until a radical transformation took place. His early love for organs and their construction follows logically the passionate interest of his grand-

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father Schillinger in the study of organ construction.

Proclivities for critical theology put in an appearance at about eight, when the little boy began to wonder why the wise men from the East and the shepherds never came back or paid any further attention to Jesus. The tenderness of his heart was also apparent, for at the story of Joseph and his recognition of his brothers the boy burst into tears. At his confirmation he was so awed that he almost fell ill, only to be rebuked by the minister who, not understanding his feelings, thought he was indifferent. The unique combination of radical theological thought with glowing Christian mysticism may be due to the fact that his father was liberal, whereas his foster father and confirmator was a man of strict orthodoxy. His zeal for missionary work may be ascribed to his father, who in his afternoon service once a month used to describe the life and work of the missionaries.

Much more important than following individual routes of his intellectual development back into early childhood is the testimony of his dominant mental tendencies and the influences that determined their direction. Schweitzer gives us valuable information, though not, it must be admitted, without leaving some gaps. The fact that his earliest memory goes back to a moment of terror, in which the church organist with his bristling beard was mistaken for the Devil in person, leads us to suspect strong repressions. A host of other terrors tormented his childhood. When, then, we find the mature man declaring: 'As far back as I can look into my life, I have always suffered so much from the misery I saw in the world that I have never really felt pure joy in living,' we are enabled to reach certain conclusions with regard to his own unhappiness. Even the fact that every little thing made the boy laugh and won him the nickname 'Isaac' — that is, in Hebrew, 'the laugher' — suggests the existence of hidden sorrows. Yet Schweitzer had a pleasant childhood with an exceptionally good father and ideal relations with understanding parents.

Whence, then, came the distress that pierced his soul? As a son, it was inevitable that he should feel how much his parents suffered. Poverty and sickness pursued them, and the reserved manner that caused Albert so much pain was an inheritance from a well-meaning mother who had not the gift to express her love in words. A joyless period during which, on account of his father's long illness, the boy dwelt with his great uncle, the rector in Mühlhausen, helped to create those inner repressions which caused his tendency toward unheard-of versatility, expressing itself in the keen scientific investigator, the artist, and the missionary.

It is true that all these hypotheses leave the real secret of personality as a whole untouched. Even if we had far more material than Schweitzer has placed at our disposal, every analysis — even if it could investigate the depths of the unconscious under ideal conditions, and even though it might demonstrate many important relationships — would still be patchwork. In the end it must halt reverently before that creative power which rises from the regions of the eternal Logos, the endless freedom.

Schweitzer's memoirs culminate in his account of a difficult decision which gives the key to his further development and also to the inner significance of his whole life.

His last years in the gymnasium stand in pleasant contrast with what had gone before. His father had regained his health after a whole year

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when the worst was feared, and the family's poverty had been relieved. Bright sunshine played again about his father's house: 'My father was my dearest friend.' Then, too, the young man who, with his friendly nature, had hitherto suffered bitterly from loneliness, began to make friends of his own age. His joy in this transformation was continually with him. He began to wonder whether he had any right to so much good fortune, and it grew ever clearer in his mind that he must do a great deal in return for so much that was beautiful in his own life. At Whitsuntide the twenty-one-year-old student made up his mind to study science and music until his thirtieth year and then to devote himself to the direct service of mankind. The plan to become a missionary physician followed a series of other projects.

The unity that Schweitzer has sought and exemplified in his own life is threefold: subjective, objective, and metaphysical. As a scholar, he placed intellect before everything; as an artist he brought emotion to its highest development; and as a missionary, tearing himself away from his homeland and its culture, he showed a will for the highest perfection, through which he attained for the first time the harmony indispensable to so greatly gifted a mind.

To his former unity, however, was joined another, inherent in his own mind, which went far deeper — his love. A love that devoted itself to service became the dominant element in his life. Science and art were alike subordinated to it, both in his own intellectual life and in the external ordering of his existence. Schweitzer sought to serve through his scientific investigation. If he combated the one-sided historic theology, it was only for the purpose of 'basing religion once more upon the spirit,' and restoring neglected philosophic thought to its rights.

He sought to serve through his studies of the philosophy of civilization. That is why these studies culminated in his ethics of devotion and self-perfection, both uniting in a principle of reverence for life.

His music, likewise, was to serve. It was 'to help our age to attain the intellectual unity and the inner life that it so deeply needs,' and in the same way his mission is a service of love to the most unfortunate of all.

This inner onenéss Schweitzer carried over into externals, and just as his various forms of activity had made each other fruitful, so also the various kinds of work he did helped one another onward. Books and concerts earned the money that made his missionary expeditions possible. His medical missions gained the artist — though he scarcely needed it — a public of many thousands and made possible his studies in the philosophy of civilization. . . .

Mediæval piety withdrew into the cloister to devote itself entirely to its ideal. Albert Schweitzer, one of the most modern of modern men, sacrificing all that he had to the same purpose, struck out into the primitive African forest, there to labor with incredible devotion on behalf of his bitterly suffering brethren — not in the spirit of one who flees from the world, but of one who seeks to enlighten the world and to enrich its civilization; not as one who denies life, but rather in the spirit of one who seeks by every effort to help forward Christendom as the kingdom of God.

Is the highest significance of Schweitzer's mission his service to the Blacks in Africa? Has it not rather a far higher significance for our own disturbed civilization, which has gone so dismally astray?

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GREEN SOUNDS IN A GREEN SHADE

BY E. V. LUCAS

From the *Sunday Times, June* 8
(London Independent Weekly Newspaper)

Returning from Wembley down the Harrow Road I noticed a man mowing a grassy bank with a scythe. Always a rare spectacle now, and particularly so in London, it seemed the more anachronistic after the orgy of modernity which I had just left and which was still making my head dizzy — the Palace of Engineering, with its whirling flywheels and mechanical devices for doing everything without hands; the Palace of Industry, where bread is baked and wrapped up by inhuman machines under your eyes; the aeroplanes buzzing above: the general impression of civilization at the highest pressure.

Watching the mower at his task, with his back swaying like music and his bare brown arms rhythmically controlling the swaths, I thought again of what we lost when the scythe went out and the fussy little lawn-mower came in — lost in sight and lost in sound, even though we gained in every other way. 'But the scythes had to go,' the strident voice of utilitarianism reminds me. 'The scythe is too slow. And also, it does n't cut close enough. What kind of mess would it make of the centre court at Wimbledon?' True. I do not see the scythe dealing faithfully with the tender shoots from the shores of Solway Firth on which the Lenglen leaps to conquer; and yet, even if there was not great lawn-tennis before there were mechanical lawn-mowers, there was as great cricket; greater cricket possibly even than to-day, and it was played on pitches that man had to prepare without any assistance from Ipswich or other engineers.

I am recording, not framing any indictment. The loss of the steady swish of the scythe, broken now and again while the hone is in use, and then resumed with a new series of long soothing strokes — that loss is a serious one, and the countryside is the poorer for it; but the whirr of the lawn-mower, although never competing in beauty, has an agreeable quality of its own. It is, I maintain, for all its metallic chatter, a delicious noise to wake to. It tells that the morning is fine, for lawns are rarely mown in actual rain; it tells that someone less fortunate than one's self is up and about and busy, a thought that lays emphasis on one's own superior luck; it suggests the pleasure of the games that are to come later, whether lawn-tennis or croquet, golf-croquet or bowls; it gently amuses the mind with speculations as to where the machine now is as the sound recedes or grows in volume, at what point it will stop for the grass to be emptied from the receptacle, how good that grass must smell! And so one lies on in a bliss that is partly stupor, lulled and serene, waiting for the knock that heralds tea.

No one emerging gradually from sleep, with sense after sense, realization after realization, one by one returning from their nightly journey to oblivion and assembling for action, can fail soon to be conscious of the omnipresent rattle of the mowing machine, which has an odd vibrant air-filling penetra-

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tion; but the ear will be longer in detecting that comforting rumble, with now and then a squeak in it, which tells that the roller is at work.

I suppose that no one will believe me when I say that I like rolling a lawn; but the statement could not be more veracious were it uttered on oath. I like rolling a lawn. I like the actual conflict with the roller, which is just heavy enough to bring out a certain combativeness; I like to feel the worm castings go down under it with a faintly perceptible crunch; I like the easy progress, steady, irresistible, — thanks to my strength of body and mind, — purposeful, beneficial. It is a task that exercises without fatigue, and cheers its performer with the knowledge that he is doing something of value. He who rolls is earning whatever meal comes next. He who rolls can also be escaping from the others. 'Look at that nice kind Mr. Lucas, rolling,' says the hostess; 'is n't it angelic of him?' and although I am really pleasing myself first and foremost, it is possible to flush with self-esteem, too.

For, I repeat, I like rolling. I like the opportunity it gives both for observation and for contemplation. Spaniels defy you and refuse to move until they are almost under the weight. Birds have almost no fear of the roller, where a lawn-mower would have them in a ferment. They let you get quite close; robins almost sit on the handle. The flowers emit their most delicate fragrance for him who quietly rolls; wafts of sweetbrier come his way.

But if there were absolute silence, I don't think I should like rolling so much, or collect so many thoughts during the operation. I like its sounds: the muttered disagreement that always goes on between the two cylinders and is accentuated by any lump; the occasional squeal.

When I go to Lord's and see a man perched up on a motor-roller I am sorry for him. That is not rolling: that is mere conducting. None of the pleasures that I know can be his. But when I go to Lord's and see a man perched up on a motor-lawn-mower, I think him fortunate, for I dislike the bustle and scurry and bent attitude involved in pushing a lawn-mower as much as I like the leisureliness and comparative muteness of rolling. I am never angelic enough to mow the lawn, however nice and kind I may be! But to roll it, yes; I would roll it all the way to Rio.

For the rest, the sounds of the garden are chiefly the notes of birds, and it is one of the tragedies of life that so few people can identify them or agree in their identification. What is the bird that, at this very moment as well as at most other moments between dawn and eve, is saying, 'Stick to it'? There is much talk of the recent broadcasting of the nightingale; but the nightingale is easy. By singing at night he makes ornithology child's play. What I want is a gramophone record of all the garden birds, with names, so that I can place them at once. But more than anything do I want to know the name of the bird who insults me by saying, 'Stick to it!' Morning, noon, and afternoon, he thus adjures me — me, who *like* rolling!

And I have said nothing at all about the most exciting garden noise. I have been tiresome about scythes, tedious about lawn-mowers, and conceited about rolling; and all the while there are such sounds going on under the turf as no one would believe — because no one could hear. But look at that thrush over there on the grass with his head on one side. Do you know what he is doing? He is listening in! To what? He is listening for a worm. But — cruel Nature again! — the bitter joke to the worms is that apparently worms can't hear the thrush.

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A PAGE OF VERSE

THE BALLAD OF 'STARLIGHT'

BY DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE

[*Beacon*]

As Gillian lay a-dying, she was fey-beautiful,
Her sweet eyes held the glamour of a misty heather pool,

Her little pointed face and her fragile fingers
Were white as the long late snow that lingers

On the northern side of gray stone roofs:
She sat erect to listen the rhythmic beat of hoofs;

'*One — two — three — four!* O my Lover! Say,
Who rides "Starlight" by Withymere Way?

'Someone is trotting her thro' Blackthorn Gate
From where you hear the roar, when the river is in spate!

'Listen! she is cantering up Crowberry Rise,
Where the heron watches and the lapwing cries:

'*One — two — three — four!* Hark! she 's galloping
Way down over Yarna, over gorse and over ling!

'Lover, let me go with you one last grand ride
Where the deer come down to water under Dewbarrow side.

'Race me to the Beacon for a last glimpse of the sea
And you shall never need to grant another wish to me. . . .

'Now the ponies of the twilight are trotting thro' the park,
You can hear their tails a-swishing where the pines are velvet-dark.

'The stallions of the night-wind career around Lye Hill,
They are whinnying and stamping all the length of Easter Ghyll,

'Hoof-music of the Heavens! Listen! *One — two — three and four* —
My gloves and crop, O Lover! "Starlight" waits upon the moor.

'The lure and the magic of the starry pebbled track. . . .
I shall not need a spur to-day! Oh! do not hold me back,

'For the hounds of Time are running, along the shadowy heath,
And way beyond the moonrise sounds the hunting-horn of Death!'

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LIFE, LETTERS, AND THE ARTS

A TENDER-HEARTED CARICATURIST

EINAR NERMAN, the theatrical artist of the London *Tatler*, is a Swede, and to a fellow countryman, Bror Centerwall, who since a spectacular fall from an aeroplane has remained in England, he has confided his reason for quitting Stockholm and settling in London. It was, in brief, that in the Swedish capital, where he was making a name for himself not only as a caricaturist of the stage but also as a scene-painter, ballet-dancer, and illustrator of children's books, he could not help becoming too well acquainted with the stage folk to draw them with the necessary malice. In London, he thought, the theatrical world would be large enough to permit him to picture the stars as he saw them. The corresponding obstacle to honest literary criticism in small countries where writers and critics meet at the same clubs has already been noted, and some Europeans think that American letters will flourish best so long as the most energetic writers continue to reside in Chicago and the most acid critics in Boston. When both move to New York, they observe, art suffers.

'But Nerman's affirmation that he has settled in London for good need not be taken too seriously,' writes Herr Centerwall in the *Göteborgs Handels och Sjöfarts Tidning*. 'Already he has become such a good friend of Gladys Cooper and others that he cannot help drawing their pictures with gentle strokes. When Providence has endowed a caricaturist with a tender heart, his entire life becomes a struggle between the cruel crayon and the quivering heart. Nerman knows that conflict, and his heart almost always wins out when he has to sketch beautiful young ladies.

'In his studio I was examining a delightful caricature of a prominent actor, Sir Charles Hawtrey, who had recently died, and Nerman told me the gentleman had been seriously offended by it. "The worst of it was that he died two days after it had been published."

'"Evidently it killed him," I remarked solemnly.

'"Please don't say that," Nerman begged in despair, and on his face I could see that the thought had already caused him sleepless nights.

'"For four years I tried to get to London," said Nerman, "and I am glad I at last succeeded. I always set out by the way of Paris and never got any farther. But now I am going to stay, because there are great possibilities here and I get less abuse than I did in Sweden."

'At first he drew for several publications, but now he is attached to the *Tatler* by a two years' contract and is required to draw at least one page in

SIR CHARLES HAWTREY

The *Tatler's* disturbing caricature

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black and white and one in colors each week. His start on the *Tatler* he considers wholly due to his luck in meeting an editor who liked his personal style.

'Nerman's start in London is a typical example of his energy. He left his wife in Paris and crossed the Channel alone to look over the situation. For a month he ran around to all the theatres and asked permission to draw the best-known actresses. When he then began to call on the newspaper editors he brought along a young brother-in-law, to act as his private secretary. His purpose was to make a "swell" impression. The "secretary" carried the portfolio and attended to all the negotiations. An artist who appeared with a private secretary and who had made a specialty of pretty actresses was not easily to be turned down, and Nerman was received.'

✽

JAPANESE VERSIONS OF WESTERN NAMES

EUROPEAN and American authors and statesmen do not make a practice of studying the Japanese press — a lucky fact which saves innumerable heartburnings, for what would the good and great of the Western half of our planet say could they behold the extraordinary schemes to which Japanese writers must resort to render even faint approximations of their famous names. The difficulty rises because the Japanese *Gojiuon* or 'Fifty Sounds' do not include such sounds as *l*, *th*, *v*, *er*, *ir*, and *ur*.

In the Kana or syllabic writing — for of course it is quite impossible to represent any European name in ideograms — a rough system of equivalents for the Roman letters has been worked out. It is not very satisfactory, but it is the best that can be done. A name like Ernest is represented in Kana as Ahnesuto. That would puzzle a European trying to recognize himself in a native newspaper, but since few Europeans make the attempt, and since not many Japanese have any idea of the originals, the Kana transliterations work well enough. President Wilson was Uiruson. President Coolidge is disguised as Kurizuji — an appellation which would evoke no response in the hills of Vermont. The American Ambassador, who recently resigned, Mr. Woods, became popular as Uuzu in Japan, and the American Consul-General Stewart has been transformed into Suchiwahto. Japanese students of American literature know the author of *The Scarlet Letter* as Hason. The polar explorer Dr. Cook was called Kukku — but no self-respecting person would condescend to pun about it.

The difficulties of transliterating are increased by the fact that the transliterated names are likely to have embarrassing equivalents in Japanese. Ty Cobb becomes Kabu in Japanese, but unfortunately *kabu* means turnip. Mr. H. G. Wells becomes Uerusu, which in Japanese means 'top absent,' or 'lacking in the upper story' — a coincidence which may give satisfaction to Mr. Wells's archenemy, the English dramatist, Henry Arthur Jones, but will certainly offend the numerous Oriental users of Mr. Wells's textbook of zoölogy.

✽

'SPOONERISMS'

THE retirement of the Reverend Doctor W. A. Spooner, the distinguished English historian who has been successively Fellow, Tutor, and Warden of New College, Oxford, has caused an outburst of anecdotes in the British press, for Dr. Spooner's habit of interchanging letters or syllables, with results that were sometimes very amusing, is famous wherever Oxford men are found. Indeed the fame of 'Spoonerisms' eclipsed his very considerable

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fame as a scholar, much to the ironic amusement of the victim himself.

There is a good deal of doubt as to the authenticity of many anecdotes told about Dr. Spooner, but at least the noun 'Spoonerism' is enshrined officially in the New English Dictionary:—

> **Spoonerism** [f. the name of the Rev. W. A. *Spooner* (1844—)]. An accidental transposition of the initial sounds, or other parts, of two or more words,

and Oxford slang has known the word joyfully for fifty years.

One of the most famous Spoonerisms is said to have been uttered in a sermon which Dr. Spooner preached at Oxford. 'Ah, brethren!' he said, 'are you never conscious of a half-warmed fish within the breast?' Who would recognize in that extraordinary sentence a 'half-formed wish'? It was Dr. Spooner who, at the conclusion of the Oxford celebration of Queen Victoria's jubilee, called for three cheers for 'our queer old Dean' — an honor which that functionary might well have appreciated in spite of the adjective, but which did little honor to the 'dear old Queen' for whom the celebration was held. It was Dr. Spooner also who in bicycling days is supposed to have dismounted 'to boil his icicle.'

One student of New College insisted to his dying day that the Warden had rebuked him for 'fighting liars' in the quadrangle, and there is a story that he took his history class severely to task for 'hissing all my mystery lectures.' There is also a tale of an unfortunate graduate whose waste of time led to the accusation that he had 'tasted two whole worms.' Dr. Spooner is said on one occasion to have read out the first line of the hymn, 'Conquering kings their titles take,' as 'Kinkering kongs their titles take,' and to have proposed the royal toast, 'Gentlemen, the King,' as 'Kinglemen, the Gent,' to the mild dismay of the assemblage.

Being a kind-hearted and philosophic person, the ex-Warden of New College finds a quiet diversion in the gradual multiplication of anecdotes about him, nine tenths of which, needless to say, are apocryphal, though none the less amusing for that trifling fact.

✻

THE MAN WHO KILLED PUSHKIN

A. F. Onegin, a Russian collector living in Paris, who has formed a remarkable Pushkin museum, granted an interview to the correspondent of the Berlin Russian daily, *Dni*, on the hundred and twenty-fifth anniversary of the poet's birth. Years ago M. Onegin had a conversation with Dantès, then a very old man, who killed Pushkin in a duel and who became famous in Paris, partly because of that fact and partly because he was one of the most reactionary of Napoleon III's senators.

'I did not intend to kill him,' M. Dantès explained. 'We took a few steps toward one another. Suddenly I looked at him and saw his pistol pointing at me, his terrible face disfigured by a vicious smile, his white teeth gleaming. I fired, aiming at his leg. He fell face down.'

'How could you raise your hand against such a man?' asked M. Onegin.

'I beg your pardon!' exclaimed Dantès in amazement. 'What about myself? I have since reached the dignity of a senator.'

✻

DRYDEN MODERNIZED

The appointment of a former miner, Mr. James Brown, as Lord High Commissioner to the Church of Scotland, and His Majesty's personal representative, entitled to all the honors and the pomp of British royalty, has spurred Mr. R. Watson Kerr to satirical verse. Borrowing a title from Dryden, he calls his satire — which is

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in the broadest colloquial Scots — *Annus Mirabilis, or the Ascension o' Jimmie Broon*, and himself announces his theme thus: —

T' Ascension o' Jimmie Broon,
Who rose from shaft at fit o' toon
To sit at right hand o' the Lordie,
Representin' guid King Geordie.

Not the least amusing part of the poem is this passage, which deals with five modern poets who ascend on high in company with 'Jimmie Broon' in a celestial elevator (*Anglice*, 'lift'): —

It was the time when poets wrote
Not what they had, but what they'd not,
And clarified their lack o' vision
Wi' extraordinary precision;

Yet, i' the lift, were twa three mavis' —
De la Mare — Hodgson — Davis —
Davis roon his wee bit tree
Chirpin' sweety songs o' glee,
Watchin' brother birdies flit
And in the mud slim shankies pit;
De la Mare — say what ye can —
A singer and a gentleman.
Hodgson, alas, so very high
Had burst his whistle and had to die;
And Yeats, befogged in fairies he,
Had scunnered himsel' at Innisfree;
And weepin' Thingumay — what's his name?
Drinkwater o' an 'Outline' fame —
Sat empty, needin' a stiffish dram
To sting the vitals of his sham —

But high o'er a' the nomby-pomby,
Scarred and glum towered Abercrombie.

✤

CHINESE OPPOSITION TO TAGORE

Not all of his fellow Orientals share Rabindranath Tagore's opinion that Occidental scientific materialism is without value for the East and should be opposed by the peaceful and spiritual ideals of Asia. The Indian philosopher's visit to Peking reveals numerous cross-currents of thought and has evoked some lively criticism. His critics accuse Tagore of upholding worn-out elements of Asiatic culture, teachings which would prevent Asiatics from sharing the benefits of modern civilization, and of hindering the growth of self-determination among Asiatic nations and the progress of oppressed classes and races.

The motives which lie behind the criticism are various. The association under whose auspices the great Bengali went to China is headed by a political leader whose opponents seek to discredit their rival by discrediting Tagore. His criticism of the material civilization of the West offends some of the returned students who are confirmed apostles of Westernization, and his attack upon science is very understandably offensive to Chinese scientists who have been trained in Europe and America.

No amount of adverse criticism, however, can conceal the enthusiastic response which Tagore has received from many Chinese scholars and students. From China Tagore went on to Japan by way of Shanghai.

✤

UNPUBLISHED NEWS

The London *Daily Herald* reminds us that all the news does n't get into the newspapers: —

Aileen Strangeways left her home in Croydon on Friday afternoon at three. She came back in time for supper.

Mr. and Mrs. Bridle had words over the breakfast bacon on Saturday. Coming home late at night, the husband seized a razor and, remarking that it would soon be Sunday morning, shaved.

A man and woman, claiming to be husband and wife, arrived unexpectedly at a seaside hotel yesterday and booked a room for the week-end. Careful investigation has since shown that they had been married a long time.

A lot of things like this have been happening recently, and as you would n't find them in the Sunday papers I have put them in here.

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BOOKS ABROAD

The Harleian Miscellany, edited by Henry Savage. London: Cecil Palmer, 1924. 12*s.* 6*d.*

[*Irish Statesman*]

The Harleian Miscellany of tracts and pamphlets, selected from the library of Edward Harley, second Earl of Oxford, was first published in ten volumes during the years 1744–46. Mr. Savage has made a pleasing selection from these in a single volume, which is well calculated to whet the appetite of those who could wish to have the whole edition of that curious lore, gossip, history, and *chroniques scandaleuses* which the great Robert Harley, Queen Anne's Tory Prime Minister, a genial cynic in a materialistic age, loved to collect. Naturally enough, such hors d'œuvres as these are a little aggravating, for there is no entrée or joint to follow. Nevertheless Mr. Savage's book is a substantial snack, and makes an excellent and bulky tome with which to beguile the last half-hour before going to sleep, or to take away to the seaside.

The taste of our ancestors was robust and jovial, and did not shrink from either seeing or hearing about horrors on the one hand or telling and appreciating coarse jokes on the other. Their nerves were splendid, for they had not yet taken to tea, introspection, and psychoanalysis. They were given also to extraordinary credulity, though not, perhaps, on such a vast scale as the generation which has gone through the Great War. Mr. Savage's selections most skillfully show all these aspects of sixteenth-seventeenth century psychology. Among his thirty-six chapters we get the story of the fascinating French highwayman, Claude Duval, who was the darling of all the ladies, but was brought to Tyburn in his twenty-seventh year. Poor fellow, he found official England, even under the Merry Monarch, very stern and stiff to his kind, and all the ladies of the court could do was to attend in crowds at his execution, where he made a gallant end. Other selections are the story of the prophet Muggleton, founder of a sect now extinct, the adventures of Alexander Selkirk, prototype of Crusoe, the horrors of Red Indian wars in New England; the tale of old Parr who, it was alleged, was born in 1483, and lived a hundred and fifty-two years; the extraordinary Campden case, one of the strangest cases of judicial murder ever recorded, and so on, and so on, to suit all tastes.

Readers whose stomachs are easily turned and who thereby show that they would have been very much out of it in times which loved bear-baiting, got drunk on port or beer every night, and enjoyed public executions, will probably skip the extraordinary story, which was believed by many at the time, that Oliver Cromwell was actually buried at Naseby, where he won his greatest field, while the body of King Charles was, by the Protector's orders, put into a coffin which, it was given out, contained Oliver's corpse. Hence when the remains of Cromwell were at the Restoration exhumed and hanged at Tyburn, it was really the Royal Martyr's body which was so shamefully misused, and thus did the Great Protector score even in his death! It is a horrible possibility.

Still more will the sensitive reader shrink from the ghastly contemporary description of the prolonged tortures inflicted on Ravaillac, who was executed in 1610 for the murder of Henry the Fourth of France. Even the present reviewer had to skip the most of this.

Der wirtschaftliche Mensch in der Geschichte, by Lujo Brentano. Leipzig: Felix Meiner Verlag, 1923.

[Erich Dombrowski in *Berliner Tageblatt*]

Though he is nearing eighty, the scholar is still unwearied in his perpetual creative activity. In this volume he has brought together a series of addresses and papers which reach almost to the end of his eightieth year and which form a complete whole. They are principally historic and economic discussions which illuminate the beginnings of capitalism from the most varied angles. An abundance of material is here brought together, and an abundance of intellectual vigor gleams through the discussion, which is given a lively, original, and, one can almost say, dramatic presentation. The greatness and sturdy vigor of Brentano's temperament appear repeatedly, especially in his polemic encounters with Max Weber and Sombart.

The work begins with a discussion of the classic national economy, which, from its very nature, could not be applied correctly to the concrete economic relations of the present. Theories based upon it, for example, would be wholly inapplicable to labor problems. In his later essays Brentano leads us back into the canonical economic law of the Middle Ages and breaks away from the ethical bases of economic development as they were at that time laid down by the Church. Step by step he shows how the Church had to adapt these fixed, preconceived ethical theories to the times and to adapt itself to changing relationships. This applies equally to the 'fair price' and living wage of laborers and merchants, as well as to commerce and interest.

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From the polemics with Catholic authors which resulted, emerge further dissertations which develop Brentano's theme more completely.

Brentano has ransacked almost all the authoritative ancient literature of the Church in order to confront his opponents with irrefutable proof. When later he busied himself with the beginnings of modern capitalism, he was led through these studies to the investigation of the Fourth Crusade, which was fundamentally a business undertaking pure and simple, as well as to studies of trade, Puritanism, and Judaism in their relation to capitalism.

In this assemblage of small lectures and articles we meet the whole fascinating personality of Brentano. The book deals not with ancient things and antiquated literary theses, but rather with problems that concern us as deeply now as they did fifteen or twenty years ago, and which in this volume have been broadened, enlarged, and modified to meet the results of recent investigation.

Before the Mast — and After, by Sir Walter Runciman. London: T. Fisher Unwin; Boston: Lauriat, 1924.

[Westminster Gazette]

'TAKE him, John, and make a man of him.'

The owner of the collier brig thus addressed the burly captain on behalf of the trembling, delicate lad of twelve, who at three o'clock that winter's morning had slipped out of his cottage home on the Northumbrian coast, made for the first ship he saw, and almost tearfully implored a job.

This was sixty-five years ago, when ships had sails and sailormen sang chanties, and it was 'Young Walter's' second attempt to obey the call of the sea. For years he had yearned to be a 'powder monkey.' Now opportunity had come his way, and he was content to become a cabin-boy.

It was a hard school — at times a very cruel school. But the delicate, sensitive boy felt his biceps hardening and his chest filling out, and at the age of twenty-two he commanded his own clipper. For twenty-six years he ploughed the Seven Seas, in sailing ships and steamers, and in 1884 was ordered ashore by his doctor. Then he started to collect his own fleet of vessels, to-day known on every trade route as the Moor liners.

To-day 'Young Walter' is still with us. Sir Walter Runciman's autobiography, *Before the Mast — and After*, is a book in which seafarer and landlubber can rejoice. It tells in true sailorly language a life story as fascinating as that of Dick Whittington, of courageous, splendid crews of old, of half-forgotten customs and songs of the sea, of wrecks and rescues, and of a brutal discipline that is happily no more.

The hard-worked, brow-beaten cabin-boy of 1859, with eyes blackened by an infuriated captain, deserted his ship for another. It was customary, he tells us, to give the name of 'Bully' this or that to all those captains who carried sail hard and were ruthless in their methods of enforcing discipline. One captain Sir Walter sailed under was known as 'Hellfire Jack.'

Augustus Carp, Esq., by himself. London: Heinemann, 1924. *7s. 6d.*

[T. P.'s and Cassell's Weekly]

DESCRIBED as 'The Autobiography of a Really Good Man,' this is a deadly satire on a mean and contemptible creature who begins life as a liar and continues it as a knave. The book would be painful but for its scathing irony and its playful exposure of an unctuous hypocrite.

Augustus, detestable in himself, is the worthy son of appropriate parentage. The narrative begins at the beginning, with the birth of the prodigy. Carp, senior, settles on the infant's name: —

> 'I shall call him Augustus,' he said, 'after myself.'
>
> 'Or tin,' suggested my mother's mother. 'What about calling him tin, after the saint?'
>
> 'How do you mean — tin?' said my father.
>
> 'Augus-tin,' said Mrs. Emily Smith.
>
> But my father shook his head.
>
> 'No, it shall be tus,' he said. 'Tus is better than tin.'

The book ends with the arrival of another Carp, also named Augustus, presumably to lead the same divertingly hypocritical life as his smug father and grandfather. The illustrations by 'Robin' are worthy of the text.

BOOKS MENTIONED

MAUROIS, ANDRÉ. *Ariel. The Life of Shelley.* Translated by Ella D'Arcy. New York and London: D. Appleton and Company, 1924. $2.50.

PFISTER, OSKAR. *Expressionism in Art: Its Psychological and Biological Basis.* New York: E. P. Dutton, 1923. $3.00.

PFISTER, OSKAR. *The Psychoanalytical Method.* New York: Dodd, Mead and Company, 1913. $6.00.

SCHWEITZER, ALBERT. *Aus meiner Kindheit und Jugendzeit.* Strassburg: Verlag der Evangelischen Gesellschaft; Bern: Paul Haupt, 1924.

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This Week

Germany's state of mind during the first week of the War to End War is reflected in a batch of newspaper clippings under the title of 'Ten Years Ago.' This stands out, even in the *Living Age*, as an extraordinary feature and we only wish that some other editors would take the trouble to do for some other belligerents what *Die Glocke* has done for the Germans.

* * *

Bertha von Suttner, Austrian arch-Pacifist and winner of the Nobel Prize, died on the eve of the war, leaving her spiritual testament in the hands of Sigmund Münz. She looked at the future with an 'exultant confidence' that might conceivably have waned if she had lived a few weeks longer.

* * *

A Trades-Unionist describes the fearful privations of the downtrodden British Proletario, who has to get out of bed at eight-thirty sharp, stagger to the Labor Exchange, fail to get a job, and crawl home to a hard day at the radio with nothing but a shelfful of the latest books to amuse him between concerts. And the most horrible thing of all is that there is no prospect of a change.

* * *

Leo Herbst's description of what it feels like to be an Afrikander will not tempt many of our readers to forsake the Ocean View Hotel for the Congo next summer. But there can be no question which of the two resorts is the more interesting to read about, especially with Mr. Herbst in the rôle of Burton Holmes.

* * *

This week Mr. Dubarbier goes all the way from Omsk to Tomsk and back to Omsk again for the sake of a quiet little vodka party. Back in Omsk he found the English generously distributing free uniforms to the tattered Russians and then requesting them please to fight the Bolsheviki in their nice new clothes. The ungrateful Russians were infuriated and at once deserted to Trotskii, who broadcasted his thanks to the British for supplying him with so many recruits in such splendid costumes.

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THE dog days are upon us, and that question of summer reading comes up again.

* * *

Not that we believe you want the cheap and frothy in summer any more than you want the heavy and dull in winter. But you do want stories with freshness, with the breath of summer in them. You do want articles that are directly and keenly applicable to current questions. You want people writing for you who have a new angle on things.

* * *

At least, if we have diagnosed our audience correctly, you do.

* * *

That is why five short stories and a play are concentrated in one number of Scribner's Magazine — the Fiction Number, — and the best Fiction Number Scribner's has ever issued.

* * *

Louise Saunders, Shaw Desmond, George S. Brooks, Laura Kirkwood Plumb, Edward L. Strater — perhaps these authors are unknown to you. So much the better. You have a treat in store. You have some friends to make. They are new writers. They are young. They breathe the breath of summer. They have the air of holiday-making.

And the play is by Rachel Crothers. Need more be said?

* * *

William Lyon Phelps brings summer into the dullest winter's day and he brings brightness to everything he writes in "As I Like It." Particularly does he shine in the August Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine.

* * *

Certainly you are not without your hobby. Therefore you will enjoy Royal Cortissoz's reflections on his pet hobby. And incidentally, you will get pointers if you share it with him, and will want to start it if you don't.

* * *

As excellent ballast for all these merry folk, comes Roy Garis's "How the New Immigration Law Works" which is a simple, yet adequate, presentation of the effect which the law will have.

* * *

If you had a taste of Edward P. Mitchell last month you will find him even more palatable this month in "The Newspaper Man's Newspaper" in the August Fiction Number of Scribner's Magazine.

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